# SATURDAY NIGHT

DECEMBER 13, 1952 10 CENTS

## THE GREG CLARK STORY

### by Thelma LeCoq

GREGORY CLARK, writer and broadcaster, is probably the only man able to wring a Toronto-Rosedale living out of Canada by making people laugh.

This he accomplished by unfair means. In 1930 when the entire continent was weakened by the depression, and even Irvin S. Cobb was glooming, Greg Clark with Cartoonist Jim Frise, bounded round Toronto trying to buy a 79 cent tie with a borrowed thousand dollar bill. The reactions they met with were written up by Greg Clark, illustrated by Jim Frise, and printed by the Toronto *Star Weekly*. This was the beginning of the Birdseye Centre series which appeared every week in the *Star* for nineteen years, moved to the Montreal *Standard* and continued till Frise died in 1948.

The system they worked on at first was to stage their stories. Later they dreamed them up. "Canadian newspaper men can't make fun of anybody, so we solved the problem by making fun of ourselves." Greg was always the fall guy. "If Jim took the fall we got at least fifty letters."

TAKING the fall was what made them a success. They became prescribed reading for the patients of Psychiatrist Dr. Clare Hincks. As Greg explains it, magazine fiction made the manic depressives more depressed. The man got the girl, the job, the money—but Greg and Jim were a comfort, they always lost.

"It was the hardest thing," he says, "to make people smile from 1929 to 1938."

This compulsion to be humorous sometimes saddens him. "I had to be funny in the face of tragedy."

He ground out his humorous piece while he covered the Hauptmann trial, the Moose River Mine disaster, the evacuation of Dunkirk.

He claims he hasn't any friends, that he can't go anywhere for pleasure.

"People always expect me to be funny, so when my job's done I hustle home."

Greg cannot blame the power of words entirely for this. Nature designed him neatly but in miniature—he weighed in to the army in the First World War at 106 pounds, five feet three inches. Nature endowed him with a fine head with a deep brow, sizeable nose and ears, well-set grey eyes. But she played him a trick, gave him

—Portrait by Cleeve Horne

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*by David Manning White*

**BEVANISM IS SPLITTING BRITAIN**
*by Andrew Boyle*

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of Drum Major
Gordon Highlanders

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# SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

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## NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ARTISTS AND BUSINESSMEN find they have a common bond—their devotion to free enterprise, says WALTER HERBERT, Canada Foundation director, and they have established a working relationship that is beneficial all round . . . A magnificent plea for the humanities is made by Dr. E. P. SCARLETT, Chancellor of the University of Alberta . . . GILBERT KENNEDY, Professor of Law at the University of British Columbia, tells of the background in English law of Canadian divorce laws, and their adaptation for this country . . . TED HUGHES writes the story of Robert Saunders, Chairman of the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission, who has built the "Hydro" into one of the best-run utilities in Canada . . . Constance Spry, florist and flower arranger, will be in charge of the display at the Coronation in London. ALISON BARNES discusses some of the arrangements that have been made . . . PAUL DUVAL appraises the new work of R. York Wilson, recently returned from a year's sojourn in the Canary Islands, and presents some of his paintings.


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EDITOR R. A. Farquharson

MANAGING EDITOR John Yocom

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Michael Barkway (Ottawa), Willson Woodside (Foreign).

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR Herbert McManus

WOMEN'S EDITOR Bernice Coffey

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Melwyn Breen, Margaret Ness, Hal Tracey, Michael Young

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Peter Donovan (London), Paul Duval, Marjorie Thompson Flint, R. L. Hoadley (New York), Mary Lowrey Ross

Hazel Watson (Editorial Secretary), Marjorie Budd (Editorial Assistant)

Lloyd M. Hodgkinson . . . Advertising Sales Manager

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Gordon Bumgay ..... Director of Circulation
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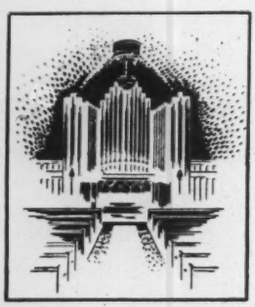

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*OTTAWA VIEW*

# NATO's Indecisive Meeting

**by Michael Barkway**

THE Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is holding next week another full-scale ministerial meeting. Defence Minister Claxton is going over for it; Finance Minister Abbott is going on from the Commonwealth meeting in London; and it is very much to be hoped that Lester B. Pearson will be able to go too, though at the time of writing it is still uncertain whether he will be able to get away from New York and the Presidency of the UN Assembly.

Along with the Council of Ministers the Military Committee of national chiefs of staff will meet in Paris, and presiding over it will be Lieutenant-General Charles Foulkes, Chairman of the Canadian Chiefs of Staff. He will be accompanied by Rear-Admiral Harry de Wolf, who has just been appointed head of the Canadian Joint Staff in Washington; by Air Vice-Marshal H. L. Campbell, who is just leaving that post to take over command of the air division in Europe, and by Major-General Desmond Smith, Chairman of the Canadian Joint Staff in London.

On both the military and political side, therefore, this is a serious top-level meeting. Yet the dominant partner in the alliance is represented by a dying administration which cannot commit its successor to anything. It is virtually certain, therefore, that this meeting of NATO cannot *do* anything, in the sense in which the word *do* is usually used.

Until very recently there were, in fact, earnest discussions among the allies about whether it was worth holding the meeting at all. As reasons for postponement there was the fact of the vacuum in the government of the United States, and there was the expectation that NATO's own "annual review" of member countries' performance and intentions could not be completed in time. On the other side of the argument were two other propositions which finally prevailed. First, that the NATO partners have plenty to talk about even when they cannot get decisions from the United States; and second, that—as Pearson has always insisted — the NATO Council has to become a body that can meet as regularly as a national Cabinet and with as little expectation of getting dramatic announcements after each meeting.

THIS last is the key to next week's meeting. It is a regular, routine meeting. It will not produce anything dramatic. It may not make the headlines—perhaps better if it doesn't. It certainly cannot begin to produce the sort of targets for NATO forces which last year's Lisbon meeting produced. It probably will not even be able to conduct an examination of the defence programs proposed by members for next year.

What then can it do? It will not do the things which the public has come to expect—setting of targets and examination of defence budgets; but it will do two other things, which could be just as important and which, both in their way, measure the amazing progress NATO has made in the short time since June 1950.

First, on the military side. The time has passed when the soldiers (inspired chiefly from the Pentagon in Washington) could set out their ideal requirements and expect the governments to produce them. Since the early days—and particularly since the Ottawa Council meeting in September 1951, when the Pentagon made its final attempt to frighten the governments into accepting its requirements—the Military Committee has been pushed into the role which any national chiefs of staff expect to play *vis-a-vis* the politicians. They now say what they want; the governments say what they can have. That exercise cannot be completed until the annual review can be completed; and the annual review cannot be completed until it is known, at least roughly, what military aid the United States will produce. The paper plans of most of the European members of NATO are little more than paper until the extent of military aid is determined; and this will not be determined until it is known what Eisenhower means to ask for, and until there are at least some indications what the Congress will give him.

BUT the Military Committee has, in the meantime, acquired a new, important role, perhaps even better fitted to its qualifications. There now exist—at the very least in embryo—national contingents to the NATO forces, which enable the Chiefs of Staff to start trying out the system of combined operation and control on which the whole NATO system depends. This summer extensive NATO manoeuvres were conducted, on land in Europe, and by sea in the narrow waters off the northwest coasts of Europe. Even if they were small in scale, they were large enough to involve the forces of a good many member countries and to show up the difficulties of their combined operations.

So the Military Committee will be occupied at Paris with a quite new activity. Its main business will be to hear reports from General Matthew Ridgeway, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and from Admiral Lynde McCormick, Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, on this summer's manoeuvres. Important lessons derive from these exercises. They will not be of the sweeping character suggested by some American press reports: there will, for example, be no grand state-

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# EDITORIALS

## Eisenhower Picks A Strong Team

THE U.S. CONSTITUTION makes no provision for a cabinet. The members of the cabinet, the President's personal choice, are rarely picked from Congress and have no responsibility to the elected representatives of the people. Neither have they any tradition of collective cabinet responsibility for governmental policy, as is the custom in Canada and Britain. And each cabinet member, or all together, can be overruled by the single vote of the President, who is more boss than chairman. Nonetheless, there is great interest in the kind of men being selected by Eisenhower to make up his cabinet. For the General is known as a team man, and however former presidents may have treated their cabinet members, he is expected to make them his team and to delegate to them very considerable authority.

The leading member of the cabinet is the Secretary of State. This is to be John Foster Dulles. He is no charmer, but an extremely able negotiator, and has had quite literally a whole lifetime of training for the post, which was held by a grandfather and an uncle of his. Second place in the cabinet is now conceded to be that of the Secretary of Defence. This post has been given to Charles E. Wilson of General Motors. From his background as a production man and head of the biggest business firm in the world, Mr. Wilson is expected to concentrate on economy and standardization in arms production, while Eisenhower keeps his special eye on the reorganization of the military staffs and the civilian command of which he spoke in an election speech.

The choice for Secretary of the Treasury is of particular interest to Canadians, as George M. Humphrey is the chief American in the Hollinger-Hanna group which is developing Labrador iron, and is therefore a protagonist of the St. Lawrence Seaway. He is a firm believer in a balanced budget and a stable currency. Harold Stassen, who is to hold the near-cabinet position of Administrator of the Mutual Security Agency, handling American aid to the free world, goes further than Humphrey and has been urging a return to the gold standard.

The others on the team are less known. Herbert Brownell, the new Attorney-General—he would be Minister of Justice in Canada—has worked with Dewey for the past twenty years. The Secretary of the Interior, head of a vast grab-bag agency that includes public power projects, is to be Governor Douglas McKay of Oregon. He believes in federal aid in developing great inter-state power schemes such as that proposed for the Columbia Valley, but in the maintenance of state authority in these. The most notable woman on the team is Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, wartime commander of the WACS and now a Texas newspaper publisher, who is to take the unlikely post of head of the Federal Securities Commission. Altogether, it looks like a strong team of staunch individualists.

## National Health Petition

IT IS the unquestionable right of the CCF party or the Canadian Congress of Labor or any other body of citizens to organize petitions to the Government in favor of anything under the sun which the petitioners believe to be desirable. We make no complaint about the CCF's action in trying to organize a petition in favor of national health insurance. Nor, on grounds of principle, can we object to the CCL supporting the petition, though we have grave doubts about the wisdom of their action on prudential grounds. Admitting the perfect propriety of the CCF action, we believe that a dismal and crashing failure to secure signatures would be in the national interest.

The danger of all these petitions and public collections of signatures is the danger, considerably intensified, of all public opinion polls and so-called surveys. The pollsters at least have no axe to grind. If they are skilful and honest they will try to frame questions which do not lead the questioned individuals into a given answer. Nevertheless, even when they are honest their skill sometimes fails before the task of framing questions which are genuinely and completely unbiassed. In the case of public petitions like the CCF one, there is no attempt to be unbiassed: the object of the exercise is to get as many people as possible to endorse a predetermined plan. To say no to the proponents of such propositions is very often like voting in favor of sin: it is something that many of us would privately like to do but most of us blush to do publicly.

The arguments against trying to introduce a national health insurance plan to Canada at this time are lengthy and forceful. The first is that the state cannot afford the large additional expenditure involved on top of the defence program. The second is that, given the present state of the health services in different provinces, a comprehensive insurance plan does not represent the most constructive immediate advance. There are more important, though less glamorous, things to be done first, such as increasing the supply of technicians and specialists, and in some places the available accommodation.

The practical line of advance may well require more money from the federal treasury: it may prepare the way for more comprehensive measures in the future. It is certainly not to try to provide complete national health insurance as though overnight.

## Policy for Gas

DEVIOUS as the approach may seem, Canada is on the way to developing a genuine national policy for the use of natural gas. The Board of Transport Commissioners' approval of the Westcoast Transmission Company's project for a gas line from the Peace River area to the south of British Columbia was an almost automatic result of two developments. The first was the report by Dr. G. S. Hume and Alec Ignatieff on gas reserves in the Peace River area. It established beyond all reasonable doubt that reserves are adequate to assure at least a 20-year supply both to Vancouver and to the nervous people of the Northwestern United States. Indeed, the Hume-Ignatieff report leaves very little doubt that Seattle (whatever the timorous president of its gas company may say) and the other cities of the northwestern states will get a more assured and a longer lasting supply of gas from the Peace River than they can get from any possible U.S. source. It also gives very strong indications that the gas discovered on the British

Columbian side of the boundary would be adequate to provide for this market without tapping the Alberta supplies at all. If discoveries continue at anything like the present rate this could happen. The Westcoast Transmission Company might even find it an uneconomic extravagance to build collecting lines through the Alberta Peace River country, in spite of the permit to export which they have so hardly won.

The second reason why the Board of Transport Commissioners had to grant this permit quickly was that its tardiness was being made the excuse for an attempt by rival American interests to prevent consideration for Westcoast's application by the Federal Power Commission of the U.S. F.P.C. permission to carry Canadian gas into the U.S. is the only remaining hurdle in the path of the Peace River pipeline; and we hope that it will speedily be cleared.

Once this sensible west-coast outlet for the more northerly gas supplies is assured the question of finding a market for the gas resources of southern Alberta will become urgent. The only possible markets of adequate size left are in the mid-Continent United States and in eastern Canada. Subject to more detailed examination of cost estimates at the appropriate time, the project of Trans-Canada Pipelines for a line from southern Alberta to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal looks more and more practical and more and more desirable.

## Purely Coincidental

THE NEW three-cent stamp bearing the image of an elderly gentleman with white hair and sideburns is another example of how little Canadian history is taught in Canadian schools. The word "Abbott" on the stamp suggests a relative of the Minister of Finance. Comparatively few Canadians have identified the first of the four Conservative Prime Ministers who followed Sir John A. Macdonald in the closing days of the great Conservative era.

Sir J. J. C. Abbott is also remembered for a youthful indiscretion. He was one of the 1,000 Montreal businessmen who in the bleak days following Peel's repeal of the Corn Laws signed the famous manifesto urging annexation to the United States. He lived to learn how well Canada could prosper without colonial preference.

Sir J. J. C. Abbott was a pleasant lawyer who declared he was chosen Prime Minister because he "was not particularly obnoxious to anybody". He was in office a year, one of only two Canadians who led the Government from the Senate.

## Industry at the Ready

IT'S FORTUNATE for Canada that her leading industrialists didn't scramble to get back to "normalcy" after the end of the Second World War. For the production side of the present defence program has benefitted immeasurably from the counsel of those far seeing industrialists who organized the Canadian Industrial Preparedness Association before even the Cold War got properly started.

When Canada's rearmament program got under way, the Association was made official advisor to the Department of Defence Production. It has performed its task conscientiously and ably. The membership of CIPA represents a good cross-section of the brains and ability upon which Canada must depend for defence production. The members come to close grips with the practical problems involved in a guns-and-butter, half-war, half-peace economy, and when CIPA advises on these problems it does so straight from the shoulder. CIPA is not a pressure group, nor is it an organization to obtain orders for its members: it's concerned solely with the practical problems of defence production not only on a national but also on a continental scale.

The new President of the CIPA, T. R. McLagan, takes on an important job in an important organization at a crucial stage in Canada's defence production program: the causes of military and industrial preparedness have been weakened by economic difficulties among the North Atlantic Treaty Nations and by a false sense of security based on wishful thinking; at the same time, problems in defence production, such as arms standardization, with which the Association has concerned itself during the past year or so, are coming to a head.

MR. T. RODGIE McLAGAN —CP

This year particularly, Canada will have reason to be grateful for the public spirit of her industrialists who, through such organizations as the CIPA, provide a close link between the planners and the doers—men who give a lot and ask nothing in return except the security and well-being of their country.

## Censoring Television

IT IS no doubt natural for censors to rally to the defence of censorship, so we are not surprised to find the Second Annual Convention of Censors of Motion Pictures Representing the Provinces adopting a resolution which reads: "That to maintain a level of television programming which gives full consideration to provincial censorship laws, there should be established and enforced general principles similar to those applied to motion pictures and their promotion." The vote was unanimous. Mr. Duplessis is not alone in his demand that television shall be subjected to "provincial censorship laws".

We presume that when the various legislatures which control the activities of the Censors of Motion Pictures Representing the Provinces (the word "representing" qualifies "censors" and not "pictures" as one might suppose) come to hold sessions somebody will inquire whether the views of the censors of his province represent the views of the Government of that province. In Quebec we know that they do. In British Columbia not even the censors are on record, as the chairman of the BC board did not attend the meeting, but in the present uncertainty about who governs British Columbia that may have saved some possible confusion.

Meanwhile, the various governments and ministers concerned can at least assure themselves that their existing censors are quite ready to take on another difficult job in addition to their already heavy duties. For who better than they can "establish and enforce" in television general principles similar to those which they are already establishing and enforcing in the cinema? And in all probability they have a perfect constitutional right to do so. What the CBC—itself an emanation of the Crown and also a board of censors in its own right—thinks of it is quite another matter.

## Tariffs and Combines

WE HOPE the Government will take seriously the last paragraph of Mr. Tom Macdonald's report on the alleged combine in the manufacture and sale of fine papers in Canada. Mr. Macdonald finds, in effect, that the high tariff on imports of U.S. paper (excluding certain kinds used for periodicals) produced at least a favorable climate for the operation of a combine in Canada. He says: "The widening of the opportunities for consumers and traders to turn to alternative sources of supply would establish a public safeguard and weaken tendencies towards restrictive trade practices."

The implication of this goes far beyond the particular industry under discussion, and it deserves serious consideration. Removal of tariff protection, or even the threat of it, would be a penalty far more serious for most monopolistic industries than a prosecution under the Combines Act. It might very well prove much more effective, and there could easily be cases in which it ought to be applied.

It would nevertheless be superficial to leave it there. A more serious influence in promoting Canadian trade combines may lie in the United States rather than the Canadian tariff, and this was probably the case with the fine paper industry. Canadian manufacturers have always been excluded from the U.S. market by the U.S. tariff. They have been driven to make a wide range of papers in small quantities for the Canadian market and for limited export to Commonwealth countries. They were, and still are, precluded from the large-scale production which would give them a more economical process if they could sell competitively in the United States. This is no justification for the elimination of competition between themselves.

If such competition cannot be restored by other means, the introduction of a little outside competition may be desirable. But the more constructive way would be to get the U.S. tariff reduced. It is lamentable that private industries being accused of restrictive trade practices should so often be able to point to governments (and most often, we fear, to the United States Government) as setting the bad example. The proper answer to this situation is to reduce or abolish the tariff both ways.

"BEING FREE"?

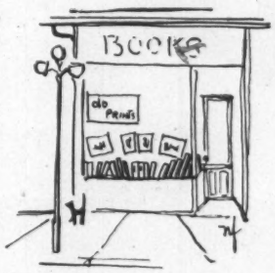
# Some Advice to Geographers

**by B. K. Sandwell**

THE American Geographical Society, which I have no doubt is a most worthy organization, has been canvassing me to subscribe to a sort of monthly bulletin which it gets out under the name of *Focus*. I was all ready to do so, partly because of a beautiful new premium map of the world that I was to receive in my capacity as a new subscriber, when I decided to read the sample copy which accompanied the canvass letter, and which was devoted to Great Britain.

American geographers seem to have an odd idea of the nature of the Commonwealth and even of the fundamental nature of the British constitution.

"Today," says the American Geographical Society, "many of her African colonies are becoming restive and talk darkly of throwing off the 'imperial yoke.' And even within the narrow confines of the motherland there are those who would fight for a free Wales and a free Scotland, just as the Irish have, for centuries, fought for a free Ireland and are still fighting for a free Northern Ireland."




How do American geographers get that way? South Africa, no doubt, is quite likely to leave the Commonwealth at some not remote date, and if there were any procedure for throwing nations out of the Commonwealth, she would be just about equally likely to be thrown out; but South Africa certainly does not talk about throwing off any yoke. There isn't any yoke to throw off. You can't be yoked into anything that you can walk out of without anybody so much as asking what you are doing. The United States might just as well talk about throwing off the yoke of the United Nations.

AS FOR Ireland I take no great exception to *Focus's* language; the Irish of what is now the Republic of Ireland did for quite a long time fight a guerrilla warfare for a "free" Ireland, in precisely the same way as the States of Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, etc., did for quite a long time fight an open warfare for a "free" South.

A majority of the American people felt themselves justified at that time (and quite probably were justified) in coercing these States into remaining in the Union, for exactly the same strategic and tactical reasons as impelled a majority of the British people to persist for many years in coercing the Irish into remaining in the United Kingdom. Had the British aided the efforts of the South as the Americans aided the efforts of the Irish, the results in the two cases might have been more similar, but the basic principle would have been unaltered, that a nation is entitled to endeavor to maintain its sovereignty over a rebellious element by force, and is justified if it succeeds and unjustified if it fails.

But the idea of the Irish being now engaged in fighting for a "free" Northern Ireland is a little too thick. A great majority of the population of Northern Ireland is not only perfectly satisfied with its present "yoke" but regards it as an indispensable means of saving it from being put under a much more objectionable "yoke" imposed by Dublin.

There, in Belfast and Londonderry, would be a yoke indeed if the ambitions of the orators of the Dail could be realized. "Free Northern Ireland" indeed!

And why do Americans talk about a "free Wales" and a "free Scotland", when they never talk about a free Maine or a free California? The situations are precisely parallel. There is no demand whatever in Scotland for a totally independent national status for Scotland, nor in Wales for a similar status for Wales. All that anybody in those countries asks is a measure of local government somewhat similar to the statehood of Maine and California, and if the demand for that local government becomes strong enough it will be granted.

THE Scottish Nationalists don't want to leave the United Kingdom; the Welsh Nationalists don't want a King of Wales with Welsh ambassadors all over the place.

The science of geography, it seems to me, should include something more than the study of the soil, the climate and the routes of transportation. A really scientific geographer should know something of the constitutional setup and the political attitudes and relationships of the people who live on the soil and in the climate. The American Geographical Society seems very deficient in this matter, and distressingly sanctimonious about it. Scientists should never be sanctimonious, especially when their facts are wrong.

I am not subscribing to *Focus*, and I am not applying for the Fellowship of the American Geographical Society—which incidentally has nothing to do with the National Geographic Society which publishes such beautiful pictures of pearl divers and Balinese dancers.

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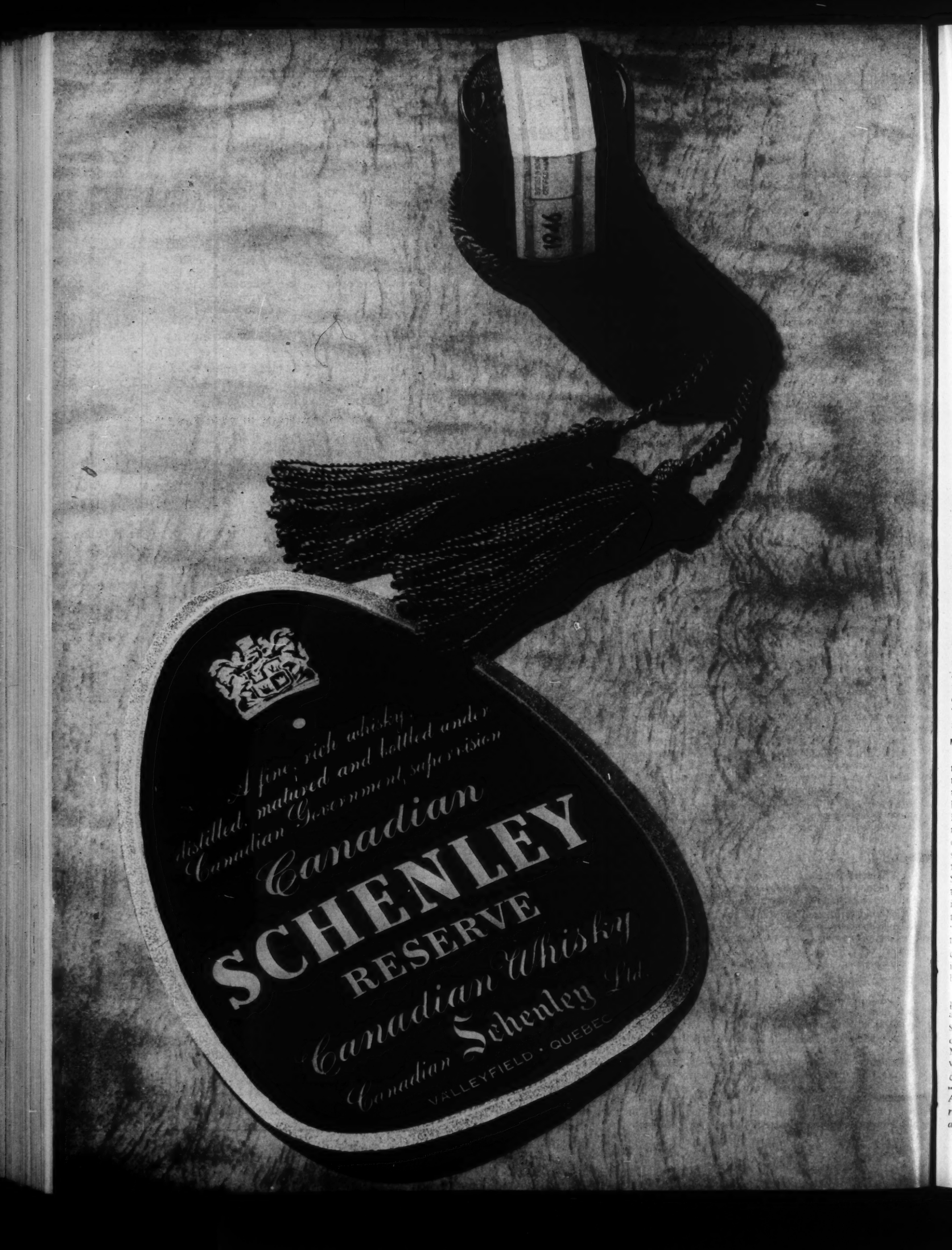
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THE 'ISM IS STRONGER THAN THE MAN

# Bevanism Is Splitting Britain

## by Andrew Boyle

ANEURIN BEVAN has been compelled by the Labor Party majority to disband his "party within the party." His position appears temporarily weakened; but if he were to die tomorrow morning he would already be assured at least a footnote in the story of our turbulent, changing era. For he has succeeded in founding not a political party or schismatic group of his own, but a new habit of mind in the British Labor Movement, which has begun to affect even those pillars of orthodoxy who dislike and distrust everything he stands for.

Let there be no mistake about it: Bevanism today is far more potent and disconcerting a force than Bevan, the mutinous Welsh ex-Cabinet Minister who fathered it. And if this latest "ism" is still a shaky, incoherent bundle of ideas, it should not be forgotten that a mere twelve months ago it did not exist.

Like other brands of deviationist political thought, it sprouted into a dimly recognizable shape during the clashes of policy and personality that followed Bevan's abrupt resignation from the late Labor Government in April, 1951. But it was not until the split in Socialist thinking and planning was too blatantly transparent to be respectably concealed—after the General Election a year ago—that Bevanism could really be identified as a new and perilous philosophy, as alien to Britain as is Titoism.

The irony is that relatively few British Socialists who support Clement Attlee either suspect or are prepared to admit this essential fact. Even in the anguished days of uncertainty immediately after the recent annual Conference of the Labor Party at Morecambe, when it seemed at one moment that an undeclared war-to-the-death had broken out between the Trade Union leadership and the "rebels", there was no inclination to regard Bevanism as a heresy.

THE worst charge levelled at the former Minister and his growing band of supporters was that they had created "a party within a party", and that their accepted stratagem of sowing doubts about the virility and consistency of the official party leadership was weakening the whole movement. It is true that Sir William Lawther, the outspoken miners' champion, went so far in a speech delivered in the United States soon after the Morecambe showdown as to assert that Mr. Bevan had one eye fixed on Moscow and the other on 10 Downing Street. Yet the majority of Socialists deplored that assertion as a rhetorical overstatement uttered in the heat of the moment; and it is highly questionable if the most resolute opponents of the "party within the party" drew the inference that the birth of Bevanism as a somewhat deformed child of Marxist philosophy had made the organization of a breakaway party not only desirable but necessary.

If there is no unanimity in Britain about the precise nature of Bevanism, however, there is absolute unanimity about Bevan's brilliant tactical success in promoting his own program, to the vast discomfiture of the orthodox party hierarchy. Morecambe was much more than a striking moral victory for the Bevanites, all of whose six candidates won the seats they contested on Labor's National Executive Committee, the party's policy-making body. It was also an unmistakable warning to non-Socialists capable of probing beneath the surface of events that the Bevanite heresy was swinging the entire Labor Movement to the extreme Left.

Attlee has attempted in the meanwhile to reassert his shrinking authority. At a meeting of the Parliamentary Labor Party, he pronounced as intolerable the regular Bevanite meetings within the precincts of the House of Commons, and ordered the disbanding of the Bevanites. It would have been folly for Bevan to defy the ban, backed as it was by a majority of Labor MP's; but, of course, he had no intention of wrecking his excellent prospects on a small and relatively unimportant matter of procedure. He and his colleagues have accepted the order, under protest, adding the rider that "each one of us will take every legitimate step to persuade the Parliamentary Labor Party to reverse the decision and to restore as soon as possible to Labor MP's their full rights of association."

—Miller

FIERY PAIR: Aneurin Bevan with his wife Jenny Lee, fellow Labor member, fellow *Tribune* editor.

All this was spectacular shadow-boxing, and Attlee's straight-right has fanned the air without unduly disturbing the equanimity of his ambitious opponent. For while the six Bevanites are already helping to draft a "United Program" for the next General Election, alongside their suspicious colleagues on the National Executive, the splinter-party's efficient propaganda machine has been left free to continue its job of "educating local Socialist parties."

In other words, Bevanism is being preached to more and more party members in the constituencies; discontent with the cautious ideas of the Attleeites will almost certainly spread; and the proselytizing of the inimitable Aneurin's full-blooded doctrines of Socialist reform will in time enable him to gain control of the party from within.

Indeed I predicted exactly this development in these pages just before the 1951 election. "It should not be imagined," I said then, "that five years on the Opposition benches will mean political oblivion for Aneurin Bevan. As politicians go, he is young and clever enough to bide his time in comparative patience. Moreover as was proved during the recent war when his vitriolic attacks on Mr. Churchill were a constant feature of debates, he is a skirmisher who thrives on the fruits of opposition . . . the number of Socialists he can convert by his untiring verbal assaults is sure to grow with a Conservative Government in power again".

LOOKING back over the past 12 months one must admit that events and personalities have played into Aneurin Bevan's dexterous hands. Very few politicians in democratic countries can claim to have evolved an "ism" of their own inside one year; and Bevanism, beginning as a strident appeal for "fresh thinking" to dissatisfied Socialists, has taken root as a curiously uneven system of thought in its own right. The publication in April, 1952, of Bevan's political testament "In Place of Fear" was the first serious evidence of the basic Marxist assumptions on which his entire outlook depended. Now the Labor Movement in this country has always owed far more to Methodism than to Marxism; many of the pioneers were men imbued with narrow but genuine Christian passion about social injustice. So far as secularist influences were concerned, it was the Fabian Society which provided the practical methods and program for the spread of Socialism.

There was a prim, maiden-auntish dislike of Marxist ideas, not only because they were revolutionary but because they were foreign—and as such unpalatable and inapplicable here. Aneurin Bevan's book suggested that the time had come to change all that. The doctrinaire Socialist crusader, ready to stamp hard and ruthlessly on those who chanced to disagree with his aims and policies, unmistakably emerged from its pages.

"THE opponents of Marxism are usually so deeply prejudiced that they are shut off from reality by a wall of their own making", he declared. "Their unscholarly bias renders them as unfit guides to political conduct as the Marxist dogmatists. Sympathetic understanding of what Marxists are trying to say to the world is a prerequisite to learning where the Marxist practitioners are liable to go wrong. In so far as I can be said to have had a political training at all, it has been in Marxism."

After that early admission, the other principles and political values he holds reveal themselves at random: his implied acceptance of the "class struggle", his disregarding of religion, his clear belief in the primacy of the State above the individual, and his advocacy of State control as the panacea for economic ills—the only grave ills he seems to recognize. Parliament, in Aneurin Bevan's eyes, is the supreme weapon by which his type of Socialism can be made to triumph.

"Parliament does not 'keep the ring.'" Parliament is one of the contestants in the ring. It is not above the battle. It is a weapon, and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

ANDREW BOYLE, *a BBC correspondent, accurately predicted the development of Bevanism in an earlier article.*

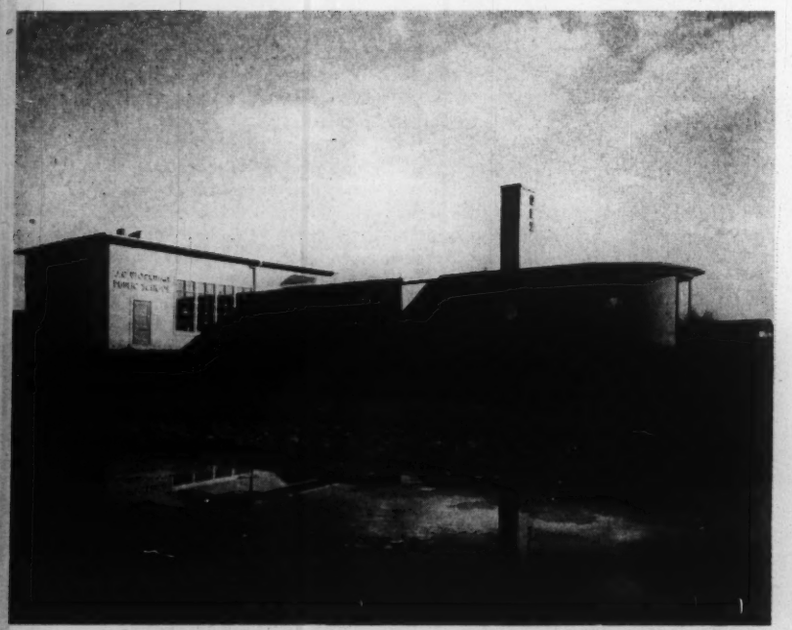
# "Little Red" Now Long and Cheerful

by John Caulfield Smith

—Shore & Moffat, Architects

CENTRE GREY HIGH SCHOOL, MARKDALE, ONT., BLENDS WITH TREES THAT ENHANCE ITS DESIGN.

GONE is the dour rug-brick building that fought with the landscape in present-day school architecture. Instead, new principles of design and planning have caused the spread of the typical school horizontally rather than vertically, thus allowing better lighting, better ventilation and a corresponding elimination of the danger of trapping by fire. Inside the classrooms, the traditional odor of creosote and the initial-scarred, ink-stained desks are gone too. The use of natural Canadian products and sound principles in design have become recognized as essential, not only to the student's ability to work better and learn better but to his appreciation of the importance of good taste in everyday life.



—Murray, Brown & Elton, Architects

J. G. WORKMAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, Toronto, is both individual in design and typical of many of the City's new schools. Clean lines, plenty of access to light and the elimination of fire hazard recommend style. Below, new B.C. school uses natural products, blends gracefully with natural surroundings.

—Birley, Wade & Stockdill, Architects

CENTRE GREY HIGH SCHOOL'S Agricultural science room shows the modernization trend within as well as outside. Access to outdoor demonstration plots is provided by built-in exterior door from room. Note abundance of light.

—Shore & Moffat, Architects

# Religious Revival in Canadian Suburbia

## Young people on the edges of the big cities are digging down to build churches despite the heavy financial responsibility

by A. C. Forrest

OUR PIONEERING forefathers sang about the little brown church in the wildwood, but our children may sing about the little basement church in the suburbs. For out where the ranch-houses grow, curving row on mortgage row, young Canada is building its new churches by the score.

Religiously speaking, the frontiers of 1952 are out where farmers' fields are being turned into communities of bungalows, with breezeways and picture-windows. And there, when the church gets started in the right way, even among the two-car-garage set, it finds it has a revival on its hands.

It's not like the old-fashioned kind, of course. The suburban church, even the basement one, has its doors swinging and lights burning all week long. It's as different from the little brown church in the vale as the modern living-room from the old-fashioned parlor. It's vigorous and vital, however, and the religious faith of those young home-builders is so strong that with all its apparent superficiality in emphasizing the recreational and social, it may well set the direction for Canadian churches for decades to come.

In the last six years, almost every city in Canada has seen its suburbs mushroom. Canada's population, which 30 years ago was over half rural, has become 56 per cent urban, and most of the increase has gone to the city's edges. That means millions for the suburbs.

Two years ago the General Council of the United Church agreed to get behind a drive for funds to help build 150 necessary new churches. Last month the figure was increased to 200. Dr. Harold Young says the church needs 1,000 new full-time workers, including 200 ordained ministers for suburban churches yet to be built, plus women workers and deaconesses to help them. The other denominations have relatively large responsibilities. Right now the Anglicans are raising half a million dollars to help start new churches in the environs of Toronto.

In addition, scores of local campaigns are underway. In several cities professional fund-raisers have organized offices, and are working closely with churches.

THE ENTHUSIASM and the response of these young people amazes old-timers who like to wonder out loud if the present generation is less religious and less moral than the last one. Most of these suburbanites are parents, and many are rearing large families. One reason they left apartments and bought houses in the suburbs is that they believe it's better for their children.

In their home community they took the church for granted; it was a fine place to send the youngsters on Sunday afternoon. In the new community there is no church, and when they examine the situation they realize that they believe in the church and they've got to have one for themselves and their children. So they go to work. And when they get to work with other young people like themselves on such a worthwhile task, they like it. Before they know it, they are raising funds, teaching Sunday School, making calls, assuming offices. Back in a long-established community they might have been asked to usher or take up the collection but only after years of attending church.

I attended a meeting the other day with some young men, representing a group of people in Alderwood, Ontario, who appeared before the Presbytery to ask permission to have their group constituted a pastoral charge of the United Church. Two years before, Alderwood was largely open fields. One year ago, with the help of a retired minister they organized a church service and Sunday school in the new school-building. They called on hundreds of homes, and found that more than 400 new residents claimed adherence to the United Church. Their Sunday School has now an enrollment of over 400; there are 40 teachers, and a nursery roll of 300 under three years of age. There are 247 persons ready to sign the charter roll of membership. Church attendance is excellent; 20 women make regular calls; the men are organized into an active committee; they have purchased a site, and started a building.

Those young couples were reared during the depression and matured during a war. Many of them have lived in an upstairs flat or apartment, and have moved about for years. Now settled, they have bought their own homes, and have put down roots in their own community. That's the time in life they think very straight about things like religion and the church.

YOU FIND THEM indifferent to some things their parents considered valuable. Many are impatient with denominationalism as such. For one thing it's a luxury they can't afford. They can't see their way clear to build one church, let alone several in a community.

I sat in a minister's living-room for an hour or so one Sunday evening recently with a group of young couples from the married couples' club of his suburban church. We were discussing religion, and I was a little surprised by their obvious lack of knowledge about their own denomination and its work. But I couldn't help being impressed by the tremendous enthusiasm they had for the new church they were building. There were jokes about the size of the mortgages on their own homes, and they were rather proud that the mortgage on their new church would be a symbol of their faith in the future.

When I commented on this strange paradox after they had gone, the minister told me about them. One had been a Roman Catholic, her husband a Baptist. One was a Presbyterian in the U.S. and his wife had been a Unitarian; two had been baptized Anglicans, one had been reared in the United Church, but he had married a girl whose father was a Salvation Army officer; the minister's wife had been a Baptist, his father a Presbyterian, and his mother a Methodist; he had professed conversion in an evangelistic meeting in one of the sects, was later confirmed a Lutheran, and eventually ordained into the United Church.

He had served as a Chaplain, and he felt that one reason for the lack of denominational loyalty was a result of wartime conditions when so many of the men had served in uniform and had come to the conclusion that the denomination of a Chaplain didn't matter nearly as much as whether he was a "good type" or not.

This of course isn't a new thing. It was responsible for the local church unions which swept the prairies in the early part of the century, and for the community church movement so strong in the U.S.

ANOTHER SUBURBAN characteristic, is the desire to make the church into the community centre. These little basement churches, so far from completion, aren't bad churches. It's not just a sedate meeting-place for regular worship. One of the main tasks is to organize crews of workmen to carry chairs about to convert them from a place of worship to Sunday School class-room or a mid-week meeting place. Even the inadequate little buildings will be used for cubs, scouts, girls groups, young people's parties, Red Cross sewing groups and blood donors clinics, as well as for Sunday worship.

A writer in the Christian Century two years ago commented on a study made of U.S. churches. One obvious fact stood out: American people wanted their churches to be centres of community life. It is true of the Canadian suburban church.

On the top level the denominations are moving in the direction of cooperation. This is most marked in relations between the United Church and the Anglican Church. Instead of setting up on opposite sides of the street in opposition to each other, they plan their new projects on a "You go there and I will go here" basis. The denominational headquarters try to help the suburbs with small grants, loans, and plans. But the help is meagre.

The suburbs need help. On the whole they will have to do it alone, but some of them just can't make it, and some of their little basement structures are bound to become monuments to broken hopes. Even if the United Church raises its $2½ million objective, for example, this will only be a pittance of $12,000 or so to each of the needed churches. Hardly enough to buy the property in many communities!

Still, such grants or loans are often enough to spell success or failure for a struggling cause. And it makes it possible for a Presbytery, or Synod or Home Mission Office to be in there with some advice. Enthusiastic committees often go wrong by choosing a poor site, or starting a building project without architectural advice.

Some Canadian architect is going to make a name for himself yet, by developing some plan by which a congregation with limited means can build a beautiful yet useful structure unit by unit, which is attractive, practical, and economical. Building basements as the first unit is unwise. A church must look attractive, and a basement doesn't. The old method of the twenties, of putting up a Sunday School hall first, with plans for a church later, proved a failure. The Church should come first. It's sound psychology to remember that a little

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THE CULT OF INCREDIBILITY

# Demagogues and the Art of Smearing

## by David Manning White

THOMAS JEFFERSON, in a famous letter to Edward Carrington, wrote his much quoted line "were it left to me to decide whether we should have government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Yet few of the Fourth-of-July orators and self-styled champions of press freedom will recall that Jefferson also wrote another letter some seven years later, this time to James Madison, in which he said: "I have never seen a Philadelphia paper since I left it till those you enclosed me; and I feel myself so thoroughly weaned from the interest I took in the proceedings there, while there, that I have never had a wish to see one, and believe that I shall never take another newspaper of any sort."

It was regrettable that so truly a believer in the great potentiality of the press in the United States should have been brought to such a conclusion. But the unrelenting calumny of the opposition press soured Mr. Jefferson on the practical workability of the press as a rational tool of democracy.

If Jefferson were to come back to his America today, I think he would find much in the press that would encourage him to regain new high hopes for it. On the other hand, he would find some of the corrosive evils of his own time tied up in a new package, speeded and magnified by the miracle of modern-day communications, but nevertheless evil to the republic and the press alike.

Jefferson would be pleased by what we call "objective" reporting, at least he would be the first few hours of his visit.

But the thing that would disturb Jefferson, I believe, is what I term the *cult of incredibility* which has permeated the American press, exploiting its honest aim of objective reporting, and just as deadly in its effect of character-assassination as the vilest mud-slinging of Jefferson's time.

HERE IS the way the cult of incredibility operates. A figure of potential national prominence makes a speech or holds a press conference; or utilizing congressional immunity if he is a member of that body, he levels a shot-gun blast at his latest target. This figure may be a virtual unknown on the national scene until his first such blast, but it catches the attention of the press in such a way that he is soon a mighty newsworthy figure. The press may unwittingly create a Frankenstein's monster, and has on more than one occasion. But once they have built up this figure he is the master of the press and not its servant, because he is a creator of news in himself. And after that, whether the press likes it or not they have to listen and report what he says. Some listen and report because they like what the demagogue says, because in their intense partisanship they welcome the aid of any man who will discredit their "foes." But these are in the minority, and most members of the press soon feel distaste for the demagogue and are intensely dubious of his motives. Yet they must continue to cover his every utterance lest their competitor give the public the coverage. And this large majority of sincere members of the press can always rationalize their continued coverage of the demagogue by the familiar label of "objective" reporting.

The tool of the demagogue is to use language in a way that suggests that the target of his remarks has committed the most perfidious of acts. He knows that the newspapers which will cover his speeches, press-conferences or *obiter dicta* (and he always calculates when his remarks will get maximum coverage), can write their stories in many different ways. He is aware that credibility and incredibility can be one and the same thing if you can razzle-dazzle enough smear-words, rumors, conjectures into print often enough and in large enough type.

On February 11, 1952, the Associated Press dispatched a story from Washington on its national wire which illustrates the cult of incredibility operating at full power. The lead of the story said that Leon H. Keyserling states that a story by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin is "utter nonsense" and "entirely false." After identifying Leon Keyserling as chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers, the story has a paragraph which I quote in full, so well does it illustrate how the "objective" reporter of the Associated Press has presented conjectures, half-facts and innuendos in the same "objective" way that he would report the price of wheat on the Chicago grain exchange.

> "At Wheeling, W. Va., Senator McCarthy told a Republican Women's Club that secret and previously undisclosed congressional testimony by an unidentified witness showed Mr. Keyserling had once talked with a Communist Party organizer. Senator McCarthy quoted the witness as saying they discussed Communist philosophy but Mr. Keyserling was not asked to join because he did not agree with all its principles."

Let's break down one part of this paragraph, and let *x* equal fact, *y* equal irrelevancies and *z* equal unsubstantiated, unproved allegations.

The facts would read: Senator McCarthy told that Mr. Keyserling had talked.

With irrelevancies added: Senator McCarthy told a Republican Women's Club (at Wheeling, W. Va.) that Mr. Keyserling had talked.

Had the above statement been written as follows it would have been as *factual* as the AP version: "At Alibozo, N. Da., Senator McCarthy told a Republican Kennel Club that vociferous and unknown ecclesiastical heresy by an egotistical onlooker showed Mr. Keyserling had once talked with an imaginary pink elephant which had Communist printed on its tail."

In fairness to the Associated Press story, 85 per cent of the story is devoted to a rebuttal of Senator McCarthy's speech by Mr. Keyserling. Yet what is there to refute? McCarthy has not called Keyserling a Communist, but merely strung together a series of conjectures which if true would make Keyserling appear a sinister figure. It makes no difference to McCarthy if Keyserling protests with vigor, because each time Keyserling does this, the newspaper with its "objective" reporting will have to recapitulate what McCarthy said originally. Perhaps some people who didn't hear the speech or read about it in the paper the first day will now read it. And if the target of McCarthy's blast has the temerity to protest his innocence and proceeds plausibly to do so, McCarthy has his ace-in-hole rejoinder, which goes along these lines: "Oh yes, my enemies scoffed at me when I pointed out that Alger Hiss was a Communist, too." (The fact that McCarthy had nothing to do with the conviction of Alger Hiss is conveniently forgotten.) Ergo, anybody who doubts what McCarthy says about Keyserling or Phillip Jessup or Dean Acheson or General Marshall should remember that Alger Hiss protested his innocence too.

There is no appeal to logic in stopping the pattern of incredibility, for it is patently and calculatedly an enemy of logic. Jefferson knew at first hand that there was no easy solution to this problem. Goaded beyond even his patient endurance when the Federalist press circulated the libel that he (Jefferson) had paid James Callender for calling Washington a traitor, a robber and a perjurer, Jefferson brought one of the small-fry Federalist editors to trial and saw him convicted. Yet even this conviction of Harry Croswell brought no practical relief of any consequence to Mr. Jefferson, and what it cost him in peace of mind history does not record. But it is an ironic footnote to the story of freedom of the press in America that its great champion should have been convinced that a trial for seditious libel would correct a campaign of vilification.

TODAY, with the news function of the press carefully divorced from the editorial page, the demagogue knows that he is safe in pursuing his techniques. He knows that if the American press were to hold a general meeting and decide that they would not give space to any more of his speeches they would be establishing a dangerous precedent. He knows inherently that the American press will not initiate any action to punish his flagrant misuses of "objective" reporting, because the precedent *is* a dangerous one. And yet as Mr. Justice Holmes pointed out in his famous decision in *Schenck vs. United States* "The question in every case is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent." To which we might amend, or that an aroused American public opinion has a right to prevent.

The facts are clear that the American press in its attempt to report "objectively" Senator McCarthy or any other public figure who makes "news" becomes an unwitting or unwilling accomplice in the cult of incredibility. To prove what I am saying I asked the Minnesota Poll of Public Opinion, which is maintained by the Minneapolis *Tribune* as a public service, to poll the people of that state on the following question:

One of the men on this list is a leading Communist in the United States. Which one is he? John Foster Dulles, William Z. Foster, Phillip C. Jessup, Owen Lattimore, George Sokolsky.

The results of the poll showed that Jessup and Lattimore received more votes as a leading Communist than William Z. Foster, who is actually chairman of the Communist party in the United States and was indicted on charges of conspiracy to overthrow the government. A socio-economic breakdown of the poll showed that respondents with college education named Jessup as often as they did William Z. Foster, so the technique

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DAVID MANNING WHITE *is research professor of journalism at Boston University. This article is reprinted from the* Nieman Reports.

# Alan Mills— Canada's Balladeer

## by Helen MacNamara

CANADA may not yet be turning out hit singers with the record-selling powers of the Eckstines, Staffords or Crosbys, but when it comes to folk singers it can look proudly to Alan Mills, a dark, handsome 38-year-old Montrealer who has often been dubbed the Canadian Burl Ives.

That same Mr. Ives, in fact, is one of his fans. While appearing in the Broadway musical, "Paint Your Wagon", at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre, the burly U.S. troubador said that he considers Alan "a first rate balladeer."

Said Burl: "His singing is direct, honest and he has a very good style." And, he added: "I have lots of his records."

Ives not only likes the Mills style of singing; he likes his compositions. He recorded one of Mills' top-selling favorites, a happy though gruesomely-titled little ditty called "I Know An Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly."

An accumulative song, this tune not only has the old lady swallowing a fly, but a spider catching the fly, a bird catching the spider, a cat catching the bird, and finally a horse chasing a cow.

Although Mills is absorbed in singing folk songs and waging a continual battle for the recognition of Canadian folk music he might well be described as a three-way personality.

Best known for his CBC shows, "Folks Songs for Young Folks", on every Sunday, and his Monday night program, "Songs de Chez Nous", which he shares with French singer Helene Baillargeon and the Arthur Morrow choir, plus International Service broadcasts beamed to Europe and South America, few radio listeners realize that they often hear Mills in dramatic roles.

As Albert Miller he can be heard on most of the top drama shows originating in Montreal. It may come as a surprise to some readers, but it was Alan Mills . . . sorry, Albert Miller . . . who played the part of the lovable Uncle Louis in the CBC's dramatized series of Robert Fontaine's book, "The Happy Time."

DEVOTEES of the CBC's daytime serial, "Laura Limited", will recognize him as the suitor, Robert Marshall. Typical of his "longhair" appearances was a role in the CBC Wednesday Night dramatization of Jan de Hartog's play about Jewish refugees, "Skipper Next to God." Those who know his work well say he is a master of dialects, speaking easily and fluently in anything from a French Canadian accent to a deep Russian voice.

Completing his three-way personality, Mills' third livelihood is, or was, newspaper work, a career he could easily fall back on if necessary.

At the moment Alan is primarily concerned with an album of thirteen French Canadian folk songs which he recorded last summer for the Folkways Record company in New York. He had already done considerable recording for Canadian RCA Victor . . . the first English-speaking Canadian folk singer to do so . . . but this was his first experience in recording outside the country.

And it was, in his estimation, an achievement, a belief with which many record reviewers quickly agreed.

Most gratifying were the comments by the French columnists, one of whom, Paul Roussel of *Le Canada*, wrote: "He is the foremost interpreter of our traditional songs to have been recorded in the U.S."

"When you hear Alan Mills' songs you'll recognize the English origin but you'll realize he knows the language and the character of the French Canadian. He is a Canadian who has perfectly assimilated the double nationality of our country."

Included in the album are paddling songs, lumberjack songs, lovers' laments and such tried and true favorites as "Vive La Canadienne", national theme song of French Canadians. It's this collection which now sits alongside Folkways extensive excursions into India, France, Cuba, Spain, and Peru to mention a few of the countries represented in its folk music catalogue.

Mills himself says: "This marks the first time that an American outfit has even recognized the existence of Canadian folk songs. To be listed as the first Canadian folk singer is something I'll be boasting about for a long time, I'm afraid."

He's also happy that the recording was well received in Quebec, even though some race-minded folks were "a bit upset that Folkways had chosen an English-speaking Canadian to do their songs."

To balance this, producers of "Reveil Rural", a French network counterpart of the CBC's "Farm Broadcast" which features ten minutes of folk songs instead of a French Craig family, liked the interpretations so much that they gave Mills three guest spots on that show . . . the first time an English-speaking Canadian had been used on the program. Mail response was so good that he was asked to do another three.

"This was very gratifying," said Mills. A heavily-built man, standing about five feet, ten inches, he speaks in a husky drawling voice that every now and again lapses into a deep infectious laugh.

—Jac-Guy Studio

ONE of Mills' hits is "I Know An Old Lady Who Swallowed A Fly", shown here in pantomime.

—Photo by Zarov

ALAN MILLS

"Very gratifying," he said. "Along with a similar reaction to my Sunday afternoon summer series, 'Songs of Canada', this is the fruition of a long-desired ambition . . . a private little battle I have been waging quietly for the past several years to point up the fact that there are a lot more to French Canadian songs than 'Alouette' and 'Vive la Canadienne' and especially that there are a great many English Canadian folk songs that are every bit as fine as the best French Canadian songs."

Warming up to his favorite subject, Alan said emphatically: "Why more Canadian singers don't go to the trouble of finding them and singing them I'll never know!"

Mills added that anyone who is genuinely interested in folk music would find that several English Canadian folk songs, both traditional and native, have been published and are easily available.

THE SINGER also pays tribute to Helen Creighton "who has done a monumental job in Nova Scotia alone and is still devoting most of her time, if not all of it, to recording the folk songs of that province."

"And there are others who have done and are doing great work in other areas," Alan said. "It's just unfortunate that not enough people who would be interested know about these things.

Before starting his "Folk Songs for Young Folks" program in 1947 on the CBC (a program which he introduces with the advice to small and not so small listeners to "sing a little, play a little, talk a little, laugh a little, so hush a little, and listen as quietly as you can,") Mills was making his living as a newspaperman and for a brief spell, as a newscaster.

Alan started out life (as a Miller) 38 years ago in Lachine. By the time he was fifteen, he had forsaken school to take up reportorial duties with the *Montreal Evening Journal*, then as a feature writer, rewrite man, telegraph editor, deskman and sundry other duties on the *Montreal Herald*.

"I was making $9 a week," he recalls now, "but I learned to do everything." Despite such a hectic schedule, he also found time to act in amateur theatricals and earn a bit of money doing part time radio work. He also joined a choir.

And, then, before he quite knew what had happened, he was no longer a newspaperman, but a professional singer starting off on a continental tour.

It was around 1935 that Alan started studying seriously, taking singing lessons from the late

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

*METHODS-TIME MEASUREMENT*

# Economy Without Tears

## by Michael Young

"...THE GREATEST progress [in industry] has been made, not in reducing the prices of things that were known 50 years ago, but in providing new and better things and great improvement in quality of the old things . . ." A leading Canadian businessman expressed this opinion at the annual meeting of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce a month ago.

The statement doesn't apply to every product, but it's pretty close to being a general rule. The odd thing about it is that it has persisted even through the postwar periods of buyer resistance, and even when there is intense competition for the consumer's dollar. The root causes of course are high costs and, what is particularly important in this respect, rigid costs.

When buyer resistance backed up to the manufacturer, it was once possible for him to pass the lower prices into his costs by the comparatively simple method of reducing wages, or demanding lower prices for the materials he bought. Nowadays it's not so simple. A labor union executive is employed to negotiate *higher* wages and shorter working hours for the membership. On the material supply side, somewhere along the line the man trying to shave costs is going to run into price supports. These may not impose as severe limits on possible price reductions as the wage bill, but they do impose limits that can frustrate a necessary readjustment of costs and prices.

IN MANY respects this is a healthy situation. For one thing it provides an incentive for other means of cost shaving that may have been lacking in the days when the factors of production were more flexible. Growing buyer resistance and intense competition—though mainly through means other than price (the so-called "new" competition in advertising, service and substitute products)—has concentrated attention on means of reducing gross costs in spite of rigidities in some of the important elements in it.

Efficiency experts and men with stop watches have proved effective, but they meet important limits. Workmen object to someone putting a clock on them; some elements in a job can't be timed by a stop watch, or even spotted by an observer, yet it's here where big savings can often be made.

Research in time and motion studies has reached the point now, however, when the stop watch is no longer the only measuring tool, when the job and the method used—not the workman—are studied, and when the savings effected from a proposed change can be determined without doing a "dry run". Thus, disruption of assembly lines, and the expense for prototype equipment are unnecessary. The system goes under the name of Methods-Time Measurement. It's a relative newcomer, having been employed in Canada for less than three years. But it's not something completely new in itself; it incorporates many of the ideas of earlier time and motion studies.

An MTM man carries a "data card" around with him. The data card classifies every type of movement that a workman makes on the job—reaches, grasps, releases, moves, positions, etc. They're classified by degree of difficulty, and the time required for each is stated in terms of Time Measurement Units—TMU's. A TMU is one one-hundred-thousandth of an hour.

So a good MTM man can tell how long a job should take just by having the various movements involved in it described to him. The formula stands up against a stop watch all right, when it's given an empirical test. If the job takes longer than the formula shows it should, the MTM man starts looking for reasons. However, a man with a sharp eye can do this much without MTM. The real value of this cost-cutting tool shows up in its ability to deal with elements of a job that take split seconds—too brief for a stop watch. Sounds like splitting hairs, but in many firms cost reduction has reached that point. And it's well to remember that split seconds saved by many workmen on a job they all perform throughout the year can total significant savings. Many a mickle makes a muckle in other words.

S. A. Smith who's the MTM man for Amalgamated Electric Corp. in Toronto has developed a model that explains the time savings possible through attention to detail. Here's an outline of his model:

TAKE A DECK of cards and say the job is to deal it into four equal piles. This represents some unskilled routine task in a factory. You can sort the deck into four piles the same way you'd deal bridge hands. On the face of it this appears to be the best way to do the job, but Smith's MTM analysis proves otherwise.

The method is described as follows: Cards are held in the left hand which remains stationary. The thumb of the left hand advances each card part way off the deck ready for the right hand to grasp. The right hand moves the cards to each pile striking the table in releasing the card. The card must not be dropped. The centres of the piles are six inches apart crosswise and eight inches apart lengthwise. The cards are to be stacked to a tolerance of one inch. Table "A" shows how the time taken is computed. Explanatory notes are in the cutlines.

Sorting the 52 cards by this method takes 819 TMU's or .4914 minutes. But the table also shows that the left hand is unproductive 78.5 per cent of the time. Here's where some significant time savings are possible, and these wouldn't appear if you were trying to spot waste time just by observing the operation. The left thumb would appear to be busy all the time pushing cards out for the right hand to grasp; it seemed to just keep pace with the right hand's requirements.

"But," says Smith, "what we could not see was the automatic balance and rhythm most operators put into per-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

**TABLE "A"**
(For First Card)

| Left Hand | Left Hand TMU's | Conv | Times Allowed TMU's | Conv | Right Hand TMU's | Right Hand |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Move card partly off deck | 1.7 | M1B | 3.7 | R2A | 3.7 | Reach to card from last pile |
| | | | 0.0 | G5 | 0.0 | Place thumb on card |
| Thumb back to next card | 1.7 | R1E | 8.9 | M7A | 8.9 | Move card to first pile |
| Place thumb on card | 0.0 | G5 | 1.7 | R1E | 1.7 | Remove finger under card |

Total TMU's for 4 cards: Left hand, 13.6; Times allowed, 63; Right hand, 63
Total minutes for 52 cards: .4914
Non-productive time of left hand: (63—13.6), 49.4 TMU's or 78.5 per cent.

Column 1 tells what the left hand is doing; the figures in col. 2 state how long, in Time-Measurement Units (1/100,000 hours), it takes; col. 3 classifies the move—from MTM data card you see a move classed at M1B takes 1.7 TMU's. Columns 5, 6, 7 are the same thing applied to the right hand. The R2A in col. 5 is the classification of the right hand's reach—3.7 TMU's. As all these go on at the same time, the elapsed time for this element of the job is 3.7 TMU's (column 4). Motions are repeated for each of the four piles with the right hand's move (third line, col. 6) taking more time for the more distant piles. There is also a grasp with this element, but as it is done during the move $M_7A$, it is assigned no time.

**TABLE "B"**
(For First Card)

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Move Deck to first pile & | 6.9 | M4B | 6.9 | R3A | 5.0 | Reach to card from last pile |
| move card off deck | | M1B | | | | |
| | | | | G5 | 0.0 | Place thumb on card |
| Thumb back to next card | 1.7 | R1E | 3.6 | M2A | 3.6 | Move card to first pile |
| Place thumb on card | 0.0 | G5 | 1.7 | R1E | 1.7 | Remove fingers under card |

Total TMU's for 4 cards: Left hand, 34.4; Times allowed, 51.0; Right hand, 47.9
Total minutes for 52 cards: .397
Non productive time of left hand: (51—34.4), 16.6 TMU's or 33 per cent.
Non productive time of right hand: (51.—47.9), 3.1 TMU's or 6 per cent.

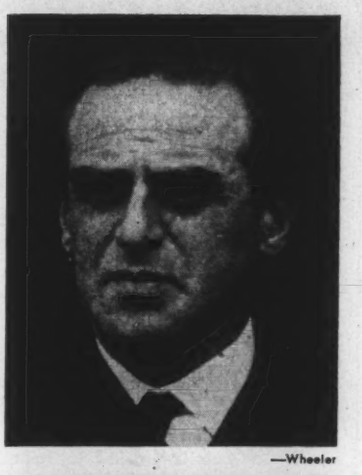
Columns in table "B" are the same as in "A". This time, however, the left hand is doing more work and the right hand is doing less because it doesn't have so far to move from deck to pile. Automatic balance and rhythm isn't disturbed, job is done more quickly, As before, motions are repeated for four piles until 52 cards are dealt.

**TABLE "C"**
(For First Two Cards)

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Move deck to centre position and turn deck | 6.1 | M4A | 6.1 | R4A | 6.1 | Reach to card and turn hand |
| | | | 0.0 | G5 | 0.0 | Place thumb on card |
| Thumb back to next card | 3.8 | R2E | 3.8 | M2Bm | 2.7 | Move card out about 2" |
| Place thumb on card | 0.0 | G5 | 0.0 | | | |
| Move deck to pile, turn deck, move card off deck | 6.1 | M4A | 6.1 | mM2A | 2.1 | Move card to opposite pile and grasp |
| Remove fingers under card | 3.8 | R2E | 3.8 | R1E | 1.7 | Remove fingers under card |

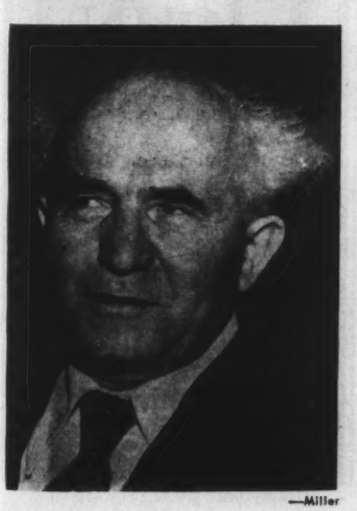
Total TMU's for 4 cards: Left hand, 39.6; Times allowed, 39.6; Right hand, 25.2.
Total minutes for 52 cards: .3088
Non productive time of right hand: (39.6—25.2), 14.4 TMU's or 36 per cent.

Again the columns are as in "A" and "B". This time there are a great many simultaneous motions. The left hand is doing much more work, not only carrying the deck, but also delivering a card to a pile while the right hand delivers a card to the pile opposite. Again, motions are repeated, but this time only twice as two piles are looked after at once. Unlike "A" and "B", the figures are the same in both groups of motions as the reach is the same in both cases.



—Wheeler

—Wheeler



—Miller

THE WORLD TODAY

# Meaning of the Prague Trial

## by Willson Woodside

THE Prague trial has profoundly shocked Jewish opinion in Canada and throughout the world. For years the Jews have been slowly losing their illusions that the Soviets, whatever else one might say of them, stood for racial equality. Even before the war the last Jew had disappeared from the large Soviet Embassy in Paris. Litvinov and Maisky were removed from their important diplomatic posts. Kaganovitch became the rare example of a Jew in high position in the USSR.

There had been no real show of Soviet friendship in the setting up of the Zionist state of Israel; many Jews understood perfectly well that the main Soviet interest in Zionism was the trouble it made between Britain and the United States, between Britain and world Jewry, between the Western powers and the Arab world.

Inside the Soviet Union Zionism was sternly repressed, and had been for many years. If the Bolsheviks didn't massacre the Jews as the Nazis did, they sent Zionists to exile in Siberia under the pretext of setting up a "Jewish Republic" of Birobidjan. For this they received much credit at the time. But nothing has been heard of Birobidjan for years. It has even disappeared from the Soviet electoral lists. Since the war the remaining Jewish papers and magazines in the USSR have been suppressed.

NEVERTHELESS, the Jews of Israel and the rest of the world had reason to be thankful to the Soviets for the supply of Messerschmitt fighter planes and other arms which came from Czechoslovakia during the long armistice in the Palestine War, and which helped notably in the Israeli victory. It was assumed that the Czechoslovaks couldn't have sold these without orders from Moscow. And now in Prague itself there is the first blatant, openly anti-Semitic and anti-Zionist purge trial in Soviet history. What is the meaning of it?

Several plausible theories offer themselves. It is held in some quarters that this is just Red Fascism crudely using anti-semitism to provide scapegoats for the people's dissatisfaction over living conditions. The defendants are made to confess that they engineered food shortages, factory breakdowns, theft of public property, that they gave the best jobs to other Jews and made numerous financial deals which benefited departing Zionists and the state of Israel at the cost of Czechoslovakia.

There is something to this, certainly, though there is this difference between Nazi anti-Semitism and Soviet anti-Semitism, that the Soviets are presenting the Jews as conspirators, among themselves in Czechoslovakia and with Jewish leaders such as Ana Pauker in Roumania and Moshe Pijade in Yugoslavia, but are not attacking them as an inferior race.

Another theory is that the anti-Zionist attack is of the same nature as the anti-Catholic attack: it is intended mainly to cut off international connections and further the isolation of the satellite peoples. There is something to this too. But it seems to me that there is a simpler and plainer explanation of the whole thing.

TAKE together the locale of the show trial, in Czechoslovakia, and the main accusation, of Zionist conspiracy. *Is not this trial a great propagandistic effort by the Soviets to court the Arab world*? "See," they say, "we are punishing the people who were responsible for supplying arms to Israel. We are smashing the Zionist conspiracy. We are the friends of those Arabs who are 'suffering such cruel discrimination in Israel' (to quote the words of the judge)."

It is just a part of their policy of fishing in the troubled waters of the Middle East, where Iraq has now followed Syria, Egypt and Lebanon in eruption. It is directed towards the restless people and not their present rulers. The word, as it is spread among the masses, will be reduced to a few sentences: "See, the great Soviet Union smites the Jew, whom the West protects. And if the Soviet Union is the enemy of the West and the enemy of the Jew, is it not the friend of the Arab?"

The timing of the Prague trial could show either the long-range planning which goes into Soviet policy or the delays and hesitations which ensue, after the initial decision has been made. The most significant date is that of December 1951, when the leader of the Leftist Israeli Mapam labor party, Mordecai Oren, disappeared while passing through Prague on his return from a labor meeting in East Berlin. The use intended to be made of him was revealed clearly when he was produced at the trial to testify that it was planned to use the Zionist organization throughout Eastern Europe for espionage in the service of the Western "imperialists."

Slansky, Geminder and most of the other defendants were arrested that same month. It is true that Clementis and three others had been jailed some months earlier, but they seem to have been merely lumped in with the others to increase the effect. Clementis was not only not Jewish, but considered an anti-Semite; his position as deputy Foreign Minister at the time the arms were sent to Israel was reason enough for his inclusion in the batch.

The theme of the trial was quite bluntly stated by the prosecutor: "It is no accident that of the fourteen accused eleven are the product of Zionist organizations. The danger of Zionism has increased with the foundation of the state of Israel by the Americans. Zionism and Jewish bourgeois nationalism are two sides of the same coin, which was minted in Wall Street."

Three of the defendants confessed to big financial deals for the benefit of Israel. They had concluded a trade and payments agreement with Israel in 1950 by which 17 per cent of the goods provided by Czechoslovakia would be exported free of charge to Israel. They had agreed to a settlement with Britain of an old financial dispute dating back to the Munich Crisis, by which Czechoslovakia received 2,000,000,000 crowns, but of this 800,000,000 were earmarked for the support of emigrants of Czechoslovakia in Israel. Altogether, Czechoslovak Jews were accused of taking 6,000,000,000 crowns in property out of Czechoslovakia.

THEY had been implicated in the so-called Ueberall Plan, worked out by the former Israeli Minister to Czechoslovakia, Avriel Ueberall, by which light industries were to be developed in Czechoslovakia and their products marketed in the United States with Zionist assistance under the slogan "Buy Czechoslovak goods and help Israel." Or so they confessed.

In Jerusalem, Foreign Minister Sharett told parliament that the aid received from Czechslovakia during the Palestine War had been arranged with the full knowledge and authority of the heads of the Czechoslovak state. In the matter of the trade agreement providing 17 per cent of Czech exports free of charge, these were in compensation for the belongings of Jews who had been allowed to emigrate to Israel but been forced to

RUDOLF SLANSKY, (top) was considered the most powerful "Muscovite" and most important Jew in the cabinet. He is lumped in with VLADIMIR CLEMENTIS, a "Westerner" and anti-Semite, who spent war years in London.

ANA PAUKER, not long since the most formidable woman Communist in the world and daughter of a rabbi, was implicated in the evidence.

DAVID BEN-GURION, premier of Israel, has condemned the trial as a "profound horror."

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On the espionage and sabotage charges he struck back shrewdly: "Only those to whom espionage and sabotage come naturally are capable of conceiving such fantastic charges; only those to whom international relations are a tangled web of machinations could invent stories of sinister plotting by Israeli representatives abroad."

Premier Ben-Gurion presented to parliament a resolution condemning the Prague Trial as a profound horror. The handling of the trial and the stressing of the Jewish origins of 11 of the 14 accused were dangerous and foul propaganda. The whole affair was an affront to the Jewish people, besmirched the good name of Israel, and undermined the traditional friendship between the Czech and Jewish nations.

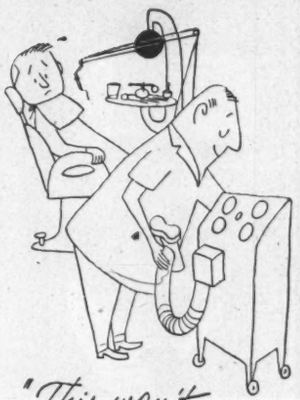
ANOTHER and not insignificant result of this trial promises to be a split in the left-wing Labor party Mapam, one of whose leaders, Mordecai Oren, has been used by the Soviets to give evidence, after being held in prison for a year. Mapam has been pro-Cominform and more useful to the Soviet cause than the smaller Israeli Communist Party. The latter won only 5 seats in the July 30 election; Mapam won 14 out of 120.

There was heated debate in the Mapam caucus before its spokesman Eliezer Peri rose in the Knesset to speak against the Government resolution. He denounced attempts to exploit the Prague Trial for an anti-Communist and anti-Soviet campaign. But he had to admit that Mapam was "taken aback by the attempt to involve Zionism in the trial, and denies the charges made against it."

ALWAYS of special, if macabre, interest in such trials are the names of other Communist figures involved in the evidence. It is rare indeed that this is not a tip-off on new trials to come. Slansky himself was given the role of dragging in the name of Ana Pauker, until recently Foreign Minister of Roumania and considered a friend of Stalin and the most powerful woman Communist in the world, until she was purged earlier this year.

Slansky also implicated Moshe Pijade, Tito's leading ideologist, also a Jew, but for the present safe in Yugoslavia. Notable for not having been implicated — yet — are Rakosi, long believed to be the right arm of the Kremlin in Hungary and lately moved up to the premiership. He must feel this eminence a dangerous one.

Others who have been dragged in, but have less reason to fear bodily vengeance are Maurice Hindus and Konni Zilliacus. They must, however, feel that this is a poor return on their long and valuable service to the Soviet cause. Precisely because of his seeming objectivity, the Russian-born American writer Hindus was probably the most valuable of apologists for the "brave new world" of Soviet Communism. Curiously enough, I last met him in Prague, a year after the war, where he was writing a book on Czechoslovakia.

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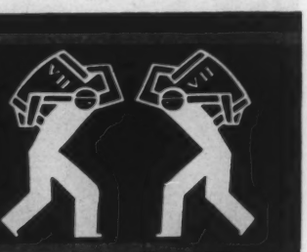

JOHN JAMESON

★ ★ ★

WHISKEY

★ ★ ★

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

# Demagogues and Smearing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

of incredibility works with the well-educated as well as those with less formal training. Less than one in five respondents knew that William Z. Foster was the *only* man on the list who might factually and legitimately be called a Communist. The demagogue might indeed be proud of his work and echoing the words of Mark Antony say, "Now let it work, Mischief thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt."

The job of the American press is to inform; not to create an atmosphere in which prejudice, half-truths and misinformation bloom with a noisome stench. The few attempts that have been made by the American press to debunk the cult of incredibility, as practiced by Senator McCarthy, have met with strong opposition from him. His appeal to advertisers to boycott *Time* magazine and now the Milwaukee *Journal* in turn has drawn fire in the editorial columns of the leading newspapers and even *Editor & Publisher*. Although I have not read all of these editorials I am sure that one of them must have pointed out the following syllogism:

(a) Vishinsky, Malik and Co. have consistently smeared the "decadent, capitalistic" American press, using as their main argument that it is controlled by advertisers.

(b) Senator McCarthy asks American advertisers to boycott publications which disagree or dare to contradict his point of view.

(c) Therefore, Senator McCarthy is asking the advertisers of America to prove what Vishinsky, Malik and Co. have charged all these years.

That the American press is becoming increasingly aware that there is a calculated pattern utilized by the practitioners of incredibility is a positive sign. Out of the alerted press will come, it is fervently hoped, the method by which this type of communications cancer can be checked.

■ Mrs. Dorothy D'Arcy Goldrick writes that the Vancouver Repertory Players now have a home of their own—a large old store, big enough for housing and painting scenery and for storing all their other goods and chattels. There will also be room enough for studio productions, to try out experimental plays and train younger actors.

■ Hart House Theatre, Toronto, presented "Liliom", Nov. 28-Dec. 6. It's an old Fernec Molnar play but the success of the musical "Carousel" has often led unsuspecting younger playgoers into the fallacy of supposing that the play is based on the musical. Vice versa. Just like "Green Grow the Lilacs" and "Oklahoma".


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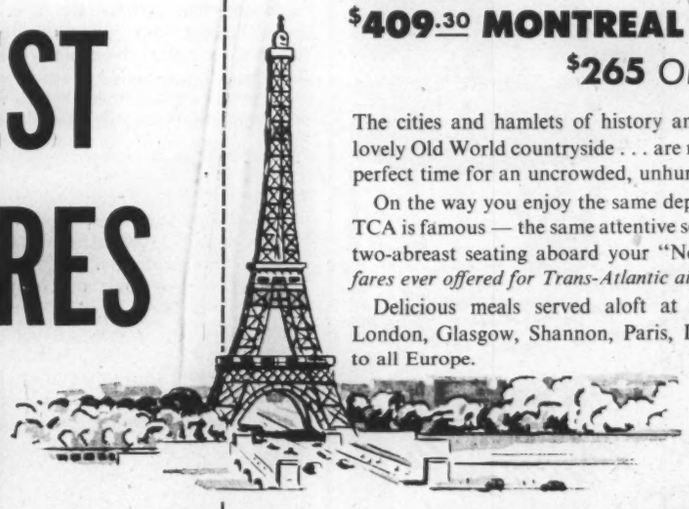

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## Ottawa View

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

ment that the aircraft-carrier has been proved incapable of supplying air support for land-based operation. But there will be conclusive proof that the hose-couplings of oil tankers do not match the hose-couplings used by warships of all the NATO partners. And if an agreed hose-coupling can be agreed on, this will be considerably more important than the agreements General Worthington has been able to make to standardize fire-hose couplings in different parts of Canada with a view to civil defence. It will be as important as the agreement which the USAF and the RAF have already reached about a standard fuel for jet-engines.

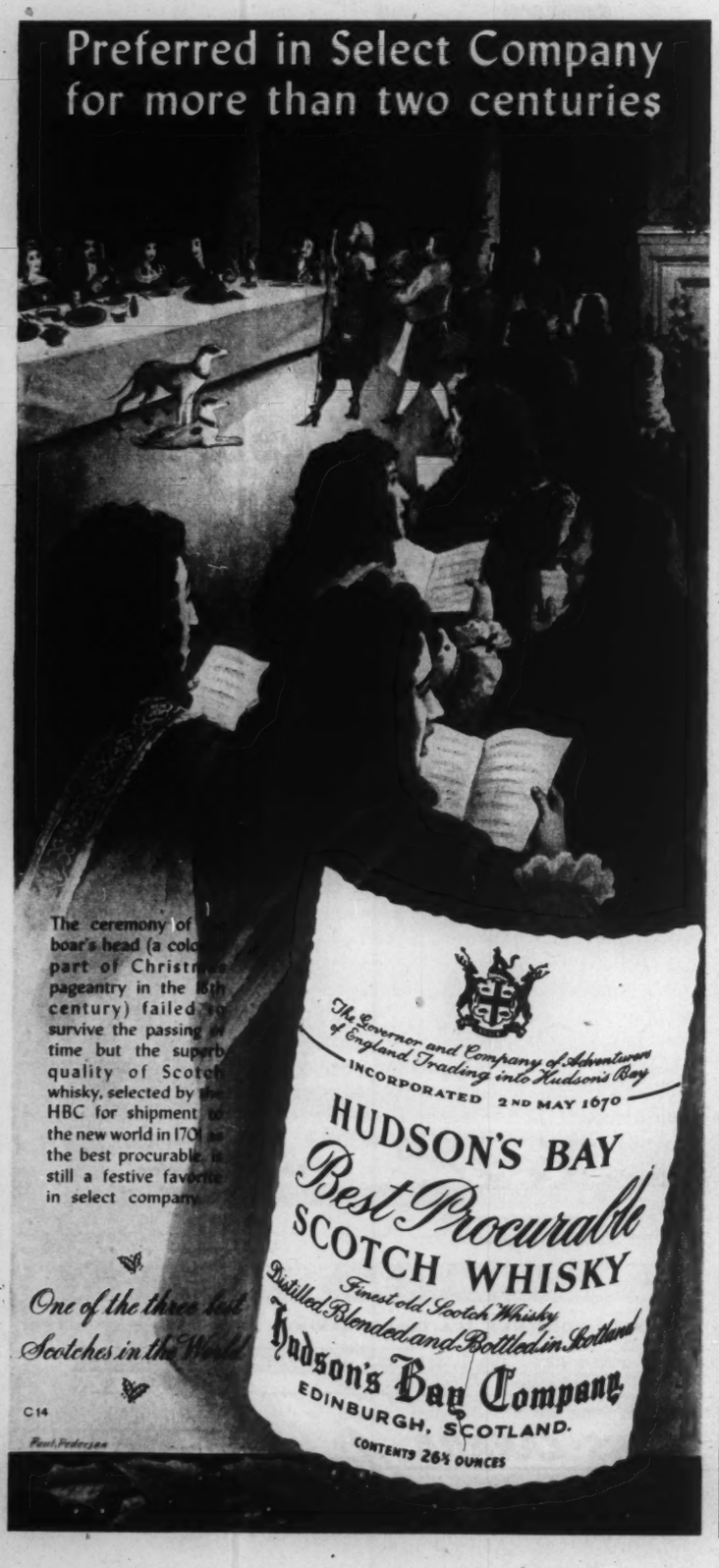
ON THE political side, yet more far-reaching questions are in the wind. The time has come when some of the members of NATO are anxious to develop its basic idea on a considerably wider scale. The French, for example, would like the war in Indo-China to be, in some way, "integrated" into the NATO framework. There are all kinds of theoretical difficulties about this. But there is a fundamental unity between the two. Militarily, the French difficulty in providing military forces in Europe is—above all else—that the NCO's and junior officers who should be its backbone are all being sucked off into the Indo-China war. Financially the Indo-China war is a serious drain of money which would otherwise go into the European—and NATO—force. Politically there is some grave doubt whether the National Assembly will ever ratify the European Defence Community unless it is satisfied that the heavy and highly unpopular drain of the Indo-China war can be eased.

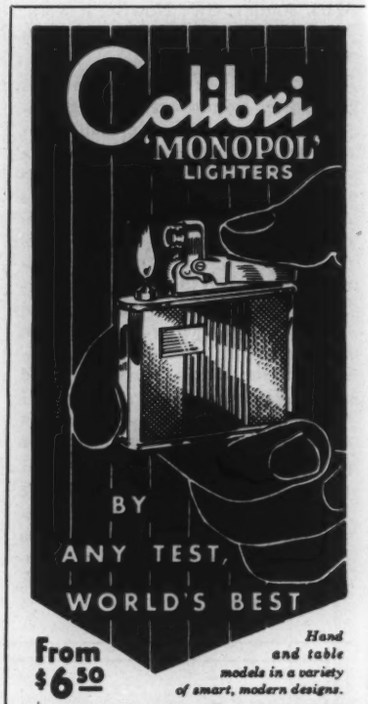
On every ground, therefore, it appears to the French to be unrealistic and silly to regard the NATO commitments in Europe as something separate from the effort which several of the NATO powers are making in the Far East. Logically this case is almost unanswerable. But it is possible to make an opposite case which is almost as unanswerable. If NATO once expands beyond its present bounds—already pressed to the limits of logic by the admission of Greece and Turkey—must it not include practically every free country? Should it logically do so? If so, who will have the determining strategic voice which Roosevelt and Churchill so simply exercised in the last war?

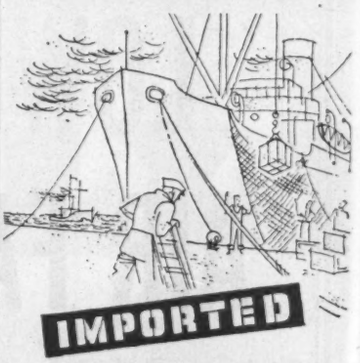
NATO has now got to face the challenge of these questions. To continue to avoid them will mean finding at least an alternative answer to the French question about how they are to be adequately compensated for their unglamorous and costly war in Indo-China. Without a decisive American voice it may be impossible to reach complete answers. But it is at least a useful, and completely constructive, exercise to explore such fundamental questions. It may even be better to explore them before the new American Administration is committed to any particular attitudes.

■ Ottawa Little Theatre evidently had a happy production of "The Happy Time"; Montreal got a look at the first professional Canadian presentation—excluding the Niagara Falls Summer Theatre production last summer — when the new Canadian Players staged its second production (the first was "Dinner for Three"), with U.S. actor Roger Dunn who was the father in the New York production and with the touring company director, Oliver Cliff.

■ Betty Mitchell, Director of Calgary's Workshop 14 and now in Europe on a year's visit, writes that: "I have seen a spate of theatres, poor to excellent; theatre here as elsewhere seems to be suffering from a poverty of playwrights. Production and acting are often superlative—the play, for example 'Quadrille', dull. 'The Young Elizabeth' is a gem. So is 'Winter Journey'. I have had glimpses of Hope Wallace and Bob Stuart [former adjudicators of the Dominion Festivals]. The latter stage managed a weakish play in Drury Lane. His sets and lighting were wonderful; the play disappointing. Joan Ryan, formerly of Calgary and one of my Workshop 14 girls, is doing well in Television. She has a lovely singing voice. I heard her as a guest artist on BBC and on a couple of TV shows. I have been in touch with the British Arts Council and the British Drama League—all interesting folk and all so very kind and helpful."

*HONG KONG LETTER*

# Eye-Witness Stories from China

*Hong Kong.*

MANY REFUGEES continue to reach Hong Kong. Some step from small fishing boats on to lonely beaches in the night and from there make their way to a ferry or a bus and lose themselves in the crowd. Some crawl under the wire fence which is the boundary of Hong Kong in certain places. Some swim the little river at Sham Chan. Some bring a little gold, but many are destitute, and are supported by loyal and generous friends. One is always hearing the most exciting tales of how So-and-So got in.

It is now becoming increasingly difficult to get out of China and people are willing to sacrifice their very last cent and take the most desperate risks to escape, because it is practically certain death for a landowner, a lawyer, or even a rich merchant to stay.

Some time ago we came in contact with a family who had rented a little farm in Kowloon, the mainland part of Hong Kong. The head of the family had owned a gold shop, but he wisely realized on his shop, and brought his immediate family out to Hong Kong before it was too difficult to do so. His youngest brother, just graduated from High School, came with him, and soon he was joined by three other brothers, all of the landowner class. His second brother had been an officer in the Nationalist Army and had fought all through the last campaign in Kwangtung. Poor relatives came too from their village.

"From our own village!" said the brothers. "Of course we cannot refuse them!" Soon thirteen or fourteen men were living in the huddle of shacks which constituted the farmhouse, and got their meagre living from the 1½-acre farm.

Last of all came the wife of the second brother, the soldier. She came all alone, sometimes walking by night, sometimes getting a ride on a bus by pretending she was the wife of a Communist soldier. She had had to leave her two little sons of seven and five years old at home with their grandmother, and she was very anxious about them; but she felt she must join her husband.

She received a great welcome, and she brought a great deal of news—all bad—concerning friends and relatives of the family. The attack on landowners was in full swing. They were being arrested everywhere, thrown into prison, forced to sweep the streets, while dung and all manner of filth was thrown at them or over them. It was winter time, and a favorite punishment for women of the landowner class was to divest them of their warm outer clothing, pour buckets of cold water over them and make them sweep the streets in the biting north wind.

EVERYTHING was calculated to bring into contempt and mockery those who had been formerly looked up to.

A few months after her arrival the woman had a baby boy. All seemed to be going well when quite suddenly she died. The thirteen men were left with the three-weeks-old baby. One after another they tried their hands at holding it and feeding it, but it screamed all the time and they were near-desperate. Fortunately after two or three days a home was found for it till it should be old enough to join its father on the farm.

But there was worse news to come, word that the old blind grandmother had been hanged and the two little

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This account has been received from an unimpeachable source, who cannot be identified for fear of retribution to friends in China.*

—Miller

**A PUPPET FOR TIBET:** The young Panchen Lama, discovered and raised in China as the "reincarnation" of his predecessor, is briefed by Mao before being sent to Tibet with his entourage to contest the authority of the Dalai Lama. The latter, invested with his powers before the Communist invasion of Tibet in 1950, has been recognized for centuries as holding the superior rank.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boys of five and seven had been butchered. Another of the brothers heard that all his four sons had been butchered, the eldest being only twelve.

It was about this time that the Communist Government issued a stamp showing a hand stretched out to protect the children. As a matter of fact it was their definite policy to exterminate the children of the upper classes. After the parents had been "liquidated", if the children were not butchered, they were turned out on the street to beg.

This was corroborated by several different refugees who said that their city was full of beggar children starving and homeless. People did not dare to take them in for fear of being identified as friends of their landowner parents. It was dangerous even to give them food, but a certain amount of charity kept some of them alive, though many died.

It was in fact a regular reign of terror. The first fury had been against the landowners, but most of them, having been imprisoned or killed, the next attack was on the lawyers. It was proclaimed that there was no more need of lawyers, as justice was to be carried out by the Tribunals of the People, *i.e.*, by mob rule.

It is true that many of the lawyers were a bad lot of men, but the main idea of the Government was to get hold of their money, and get rid of people with influence and standing. They were just as earnest about destroying outstandingly good people as extra bad ones. So those lawyers who did not escape were arrested and shot, and their possessions confiscated.

HEADS of large old-established businesses might be dangerous and the Government was anxious to get hold of their money. Some were believed to have hordes of gold or silver hidden away. They were arrested and beaten, and some were hung up by the hands and burnt. Others had tight cords tied round their heads until they promised to give a large sum to the Government. Then they were set free for a short time until an even larger sum was demanded of them.

In villages by the sea families which had once been comfortably situated had nothing left to them except a small fishing boat, and several of these families put out to sea in their little boats and drowned themselves and their children.

Suicide seemed the only way out for many people. In the last "Drive against Corruption" this year, seventeen men had hanged themselves on trees in Chung Shan Park in one night. These men were no more corrupt than all the other people in China, but they had money and influence and they understood very well that the whole Corruption Drive was largely directed against them. Hundreds were shot at this time.

ONE WELL-KNOWN Christian doctor was brought before a Tribunal of the People, and convicted on some trumped-up charge. The executioner kicked him down, took up a long sharp knife and slit open his abdomen, leaving him to grovel in his blood till he died. His relatives were forced to watch, and when they shrieked and wept they were sternly told to be silent or the same thing would be done to them. This story was told to me by someone who knew the doctor and his mother.

A young refugee, a lad of twenty-five or so, who escaped this past summer, told of his father and younger brother being beaten to death. His own young wife and his brother's wife then hanged themselves. He was put in prison and ordered to give a large sum to the Government. He promised to do this, and was let out, when he fortunately managed to escape by fishing boat. He told of sons being forced to kill their fathers and how some of these sons, having killed their fathers, knelt before their fathers' corpses and killed themselves.

These stories of murder and violence are not isolated instances, but could be multiplied indefinitely. The same kind of thing has been happening all over China.

## Religious Revival in Suburbia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

child will lead them, but children put nickels on the plate, and their parents put dollars. You may hear the pennies dropping but new churches in 1952 are built with cheques, not coppers. The day of Sunday School Christians is over. It's a job for grown-ups.

The new community church is teaching us many things. One of the most important is that certain cherished customs are not sacred. The 11 a.m. hour on Sunday has been hallowed by Protestants. But the suburbs have taught us that it is possible to have two and three morning services in the same building and that some people even prefer to worship God at 9.00 or 10.15 a.m.

"In the old days," says Bruce Brown, of the firm of Bruce Brown and Brisley, Architects, "we used to build houses with spare rooms for the extra company who dropped in at Christmas and Easter. Now we can't afford to. We are apt to put the guests up on a day-bed in the living room. The same with our churches; we kept extra pews all year for those who came around on Easter Sunday. Now we can't afford to." So in the suburbs, churches are being built with smaller seating capacity, and the seats may be used over twice or more a Sunday, and perhaps several times at Easter and Christmas.

We can't be sure yet about the religion itself; customs are changing in suburban churches. Some think religion is superficial. There is a revival of interest obviously; there is a revival of church attendance. There is a great deal of sacrificial giving. How deep does it go? We would like to know. Personally I'll bet on the suburbanites and their children; for the youngsters can't help but be touched by the example of parents who are working so hard, giving so much, and being so cheerful about it, as they dig in to build their own churches.

*LONDON LETTER*

# Covent Garden and the Old Vic

**by P. O'D.**

COVENT GARDEN is one of the world's most famous opera houses. There may be more beautiful ones, there may be opera houses with more impressive musical traditions, but Covent Garden remains one of the great opera houses of the world, where for generations the world's finest artists have been proud to appear.

Yet Covent Garden steadily loses money. If it were not for the grant of £150,000 from the Arts Council, it would have to close its doors. It may still have to unless the grant is increased—say, to £250,000. This is not due to lack of support from the public so far as attendance is concerned. Large and enthusiastic audiences constantly fill it, especially for its major productions; but even if every one of its 2,000 seats should be occupied—and the prices are by no means low—Covent Garden would still lose money. This is because operatic productions of the highest class simply cannot be made to pay. They must be subsidized.

All this comes out in the recent report of the Arts Council, which makes rather gloomy reading for anyone interested in the more public and expensive forms of art in Britain. Most of the permanent symphony orchestras of the country are in financial difficulties on account of increased costs. Even the Old Vic Company, the nearest thing the country has to a national theatre, is facing a grim future, with its reserves "devoured by empty houses and high production costs".

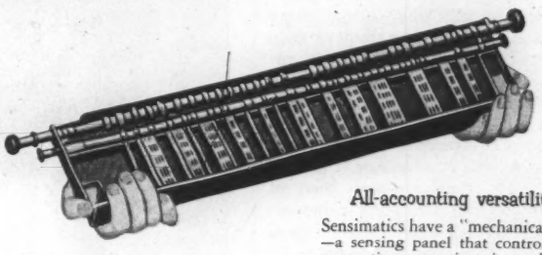
There is something very odd about the case of the Old Vic. In its old poverty-stricken days in the Waterloo Road, it always managed to pay its way—with the aid of an occasional donation from some wealthy patron. Driven from its original home, it blossomed out as a West-End success. It became the fashion, and not only in Britain. There were tours to the United States and the Commonwealth, bringing back both praise and profit.

Now that the old theatre in the Waterloo Road has been restored and the company has gone back, it finds itself playing to empty benches.

If it cannot get its old audiences back, or persuade its new ones to follow it across the river, the outlook would seem to be grim indeed—even with its subsidy from the Arts Council. Then what becomes of the idea of the new National Theatre to be built on the South Bank? More and bigger subsidies would seem to be the only hope. And just now subsidies are hard to raise.

EVERY YEAR the Lord Mayor's Show seems to become shorter and brisker and more depressingly sensible, with nearly all the picturesque and delightful absurdities of pre-war days carefully pruned away. The Lord Mayor's coach is there, all gold and rococo carving, looking with its six horses like something out of a fairy story. So also are the state coaches of the various civic dignitaries in their mediaeval robes. But gone are all the picturesque and amusing tableaux mounted on lorries. Instead their place has been taken by military detachments — so many of them this year that the procession was more in the nature of a Lord Mayor's escort than a Lord Mayor's Show.

The procession was much shorter this year—it took hardly more than ten minutes pass—and so also was the route. Something to do with minimizing the dislocation of traffic, no doubt. The uniforms were brilliant, the accoutrements on the cavalry jingled and glistened, the sun shone, the bands played, and London City turned out as usual to welcome and cheer its new chief-magistrate, Sir Rupert De la Bere. There was plenty to see and plenty to cheer, but nothing to laugh at. And it was the laughter that used to make the Lord Mayor's Show the unique and wonderful thing it was.

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# London's Gay Winter Season

**by Penelope Turing**

THERE IS something in the winter air that brings out the best in old lady London. As the days shorten the dear old thing shakes her skirts with a flourish and sets out to prove that she can still show those young upstarts in other lands a thing or two.

There is certainly no lack of entertainment in this great sprawling metropolis during the winter months. Indeed one wonders why the period November to March has come to be known as the "off-season" in the tourist sense. There are more than 40 theatres in Central London alone offering everything from Grand Opera and Ballet to Farce and Revue. At most of them the highest-priced seats are 15/- or 16/-, even at Covent Garden they are seldom more than a guinea, and at the innumerable cinemas seats are much cheaper.

The native of these islands when spending an evening out believes in comfort and those little extras which convert an evening's entertainment into a festive occasion. Most performances still begin early—7 or 7.30 p.m. —and though it is easy to get a meal beforehand most people prefer to dine afterwards at one of the many restaurants which specialize in theatre suppers, or to go on to a regular night club.

Nearby restaurants, by the way, usually advertise in the four-page pamphlet which is the English theatre program, and for which one pays 6d! In the meantime there are refreshments to be had in the theatres themselves. At almost all of them there are licensed bars, and the long-ish intervals allow plenty of time for a drink and a smoke in the spacious foyers and lounges — although at a number of the lighter shows, musicals and revues, smoking is allowed in the auditorium.

Some people prefer to remain in their seats, and for them trays of coffee are brought round at evening performances (tea at matinees) and there are soft drinks, ices, and chocolates. In fact, the question of food and drink is an important feature of "doing" a show.

ALREADY the winter season has got into its stride, and these pre-Coronation months have some exciting events to offer. At the magnificent modern Royal Festival Hall with its perfect acoustics there is a series of symphony concerts given by leading orchestras such as the Royal Philharmonic and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, with Sir Thomas Beecham and Josef Krips among the conductors. There are too, countless recitals and chamber concerts both there and at the smaller halls, as well as big-scale concerts and choral works at the Albert Hall—that vast Victorian pile which has to be seen to be believed, and which is beloved by thousands of Londoners.

LAMPS ARE POLISHED UP

At Sadler's Wells, the sister theatre of the Old Vic, there are permanent opera and ballet companies giving alternate programs, and for ballet fans there will also be a Christmas season of ballet at the Royal Festival Hall from December 26th to January 10th directed and led by Anton Dolin.

Christmas is the traditional time for pantomimes. Long ago the name applied to entertainments given in dumb show, so that they could be performed in buildings which were not licensed for plays, but to-day the word symbolises a strange and wholly British entertainment, half fairy story, half variety show, where the hero is played by a girl and comic "dame" by a man. Every year there are three or four big pantomimes in Central London—tremendously lavish productions with wonderful costumes and scenery, music, clowns, dancing, and jokes new and old.

One of the most important of the autumn productions was the new Noel Coward play "Quadrille", the vehicle for the welcome return of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt to the London stage. This is at the Phoenix Theatre, and the production seems all set for a very long run.

The Old Vic Theatre, London's permanent home of Shakespeare and the Classics, is producing Labiche's "An Italian Straw Hat", which will be followed by "The Merchant of Venice" for Christmas, with Irene Worth as Portia, Claire Bloom as Jessica, and Paul Rogers as Shylock. After bomb damage in the war the Old Vic has been completely refitted, and is now one of the most comfortable and attractive theatres in London. In fact it is one of the places not to be missed, for it was from here that Lilian Baylis, that great name of the theatre, founded not only her theatre company, but also the ballet which moved to Sadler's Wells and has become famous all over the world.

ANOTHER successful play which has been running for several months and is still a big draw at Her Majesty's Theatre is "The Innocents", a play based on Henry James' grim story "The Turn of the Screw". The result is a powerful play acted by Flora Robson, who shares the honours with two remarkable child actors, Jeremy Spenser and Carol Wolveridge.

There are always several first-class revues running in London, but a special feature is the late-night revues at some of the small theatre clubs. The Irving, at 17, Irving Street, just off Leicester Square, provides a clever little revue for its members at 10.30 p.m. (9.30 on Sundays, no performance on Mondays), and membership costs only 5/-. The Players Club in Villiers Street near Charing Cross has another unusual form of entertainment—Victorian Music Hall known as "The Late Joys". Special membership is available for overseas visitors.

—Photos courtesy British Travel Association

A BLAZE OF LIGHT ON THE ADMIRALTY ARCH

# The Greg Clark Story

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

pointed eyebrows and a clown's mouth. Greg Clark chose to make of himself a gentleman clown. People turn to look at him on the street, loping like an Indian, wearing a pork pie hat with a feather, a green jacket, a rust shirt, a tie of many colors, and trousers of some other color. The close observer will notice that he also wears congressman's gaiters, a type of elastic-sided shoe now almost defunct. In these clothes, with his lined weather-browned face and hoary side-burns, Greg Clark looks as though he should be sitting on a toadstool.

The rumor that Greg Clark doesn't own a complete suit is not more than 90 per cent true. The one that he bleaches his sideburns—the rest of his hair is still brown—has no truth in it. His clothes, he admits, are part of his act and by now even he cannot tell how much is the act and how much is Clark himself. From the time he was a child, he was the joker and the entertainer. He began this at home "because I liked it to be pleasant around me." At school he learned quickly to make friends and keep out of fights by being "the phrase-maker and the thinker-upper." Whether he developed his talent as an entertainer because he liked to have happiness around him, or whether it was something he had while still in his cradle, he can't say.

He doesn't think that being a small man had much to do with it. Being small hadn't been any drawback to his father, the late Joseph T. Clark who worked his way up from journeyman printer to editor of *The Toronto Daily Star*. Of his relationship with his father, Greg Clark believes "my life has been entirely dedicated to being the son of a great man." He says the chores he did so willingly for his mother were done, not because she was his mother, but because she was his father's wife.

It was through his father that he became a newspaper man. "I was raised in the odor of printer's ink rather than the odor of sanctity." As a boy his ambition was to be a guide in Algonquin Park. This, he felt, would satisfy the two urges in his life —work that would fit in with his love of nature and give him plenty of time for reading. Instead, he went to University where he "did reading way above my head", edited a humorous column called "The Onlooker", and failed his first year twice. His father, who was self-educated, dismissed this failure philosophically with "we're one generation too close to the soil" —took him on his own staff.

"I came into *The Star* by the side door," says Greg. "This has always been on my conscience."

WHEN he came back from the First World War with the rank of Major and a Military Cross, Greg was determined not to return to the paper. An offer of a job on the *Weekly*—he became the first staff member of that paper—altered his decision.

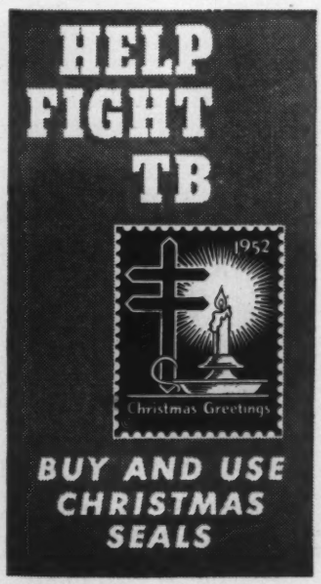
From then on Greg Clark was a newspaper man in his own right. Although he was on the staff of the weekly, he was stolen by the *Daily*, sent as a feature reporter to any event that merited a big staff movement. He describes himself as "a first day man"; says "I can go like a bat out of Woolworth's. Nobody gets circuits plugged in any faster than I can." Typical of his fast going was a ten-day period in which he went from 30 below zero in Val d'Or, from there to the more temperate Niagara Gorge, from there to Miami. His comment on this was that in his job he needed three suits of underwear—fur lined, ordinary red flannels and a cotton singlet.

Gordon Sinclair, who has been on many assignments with him, says he knew Greg to lose his temper only once. This was during the Royal Visit in Washington when a young man in charge of transportation attempted to impede his movements.

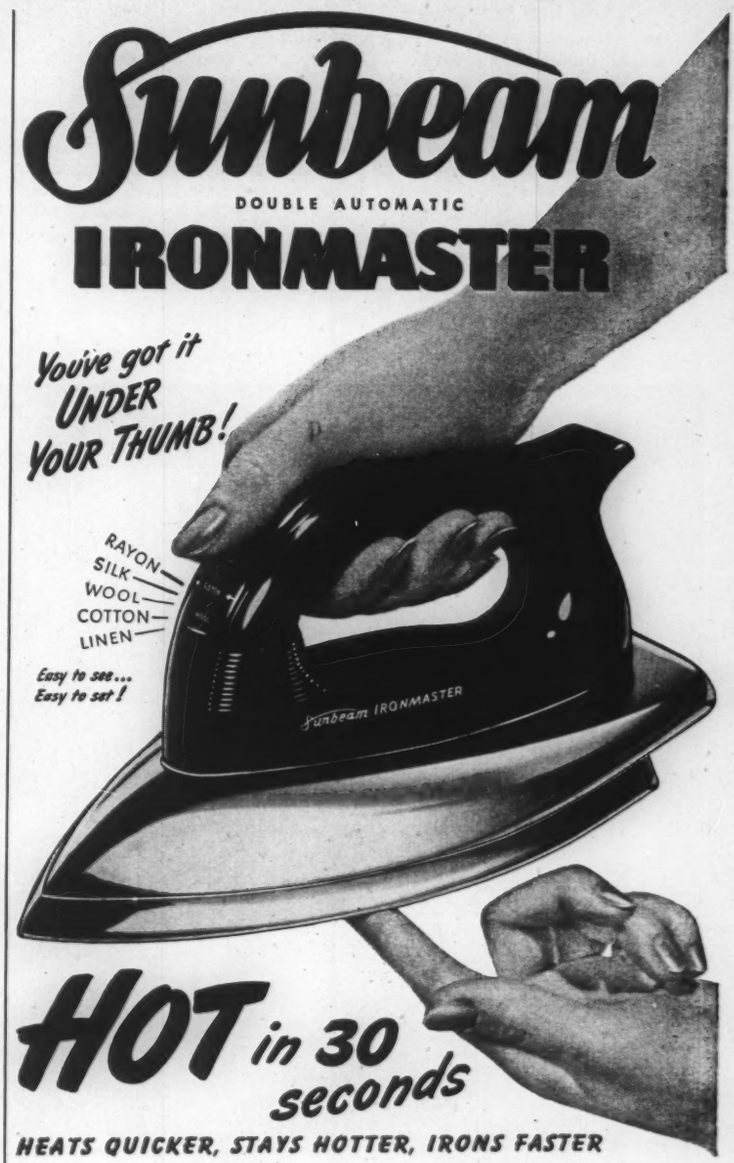
Even when communications were difficult, Greg Clark always found some way of getting his story out. At the Coronation of King George the Sixth, when reporters were too numerous and telephones too few, he tied his copy to the end of a fishing line, tossed it over a wall to the CPR building, where another man relayed it over one of their telephones. He never had any trouble finding people to help him. "I was known to every Tom, Harry and Dick through the Frise cartoons. Everything was ready for me. I didn't have to explain who I was—it was their old friend."

Greg Clark reported two Coronations, that of George VI and Pope Pius XII. The latter he broadcast from the Imperial Short Wave Centre in Rome, established himself as a radio personality as well as a writer. Later he broadcast an address on the evacuation of Dunkirk which was carried over 45 stations. An uncle of Bing Crosby's heard him, proclaimed him a greater radio personality than the crooner.

All this time Greg was doing what

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he calls "doubling in brass", and no matter where he was Birdseye Centre made its comic appearance in the *Weekly*. Only once in 19 years did the paper go to press without it. Greg got back from the Moose River Mine disaster to find that the piece slated for that week—written a month previously—had Greg and Jim buried in a ground-hog hole. The coincidence was one that would not have been appreciated by a public wrought up by the cave-in of a mine shaft, and Birdseye Centre was pulled as the paper was going to press.

In the *Weekly* office, Greg Clark never gave the impression that he was hard pressed. With a couple of hours to deadline, he would wander up and down, chatting with people. Then, suddenly he would go to his typewriter, roll off his piece without hesitation and usually with not more than a word or two changed.

Those who worked with him liked him, found him amusing, but think of him as a sad little man. They cite his clowning, his bird-watching, his passion for nature as refuges from a world in which he was not entirely at home. In moments of illogical gloom, Greg Clark bears out this idea. The chestnut-sided warbler, he points out, leaves the world as he finds it, whereas people are spreading over the whole earth, defacing it with hideous cities. The atomic bomb, he glooms, may be the answer. If it comes soon enough (Greg Clark is 60), he will probably find himself doing another masterly job of what he calls "entertaining with tragedy".

In spite of his stated preference for birds and animals to people, Greg Clark has always been the friend of the strange, the lonely and the needy. Youngsters in *The Star* office took their troubles to him. "He was always sympathetic and helpful, and there was no feeling that he was ever putting on an act." During the depression there was a steady stream of drunks and down-and-outs to his desk, looking for a hand-out. "He not only gave it to them but made some excuse to get them out of the office so that nobody ever saw him doing it." Even when there was no actual need, he could think of a kindness. One of his colleagues recalls being brought from a conference by the announcement of a sudden death in his family. Greg Clark was waiting, holding his hat and coat for him.

BECAUSE he could put this human sympathy into his writing and broadcasting, *The Star* made a professional tear-jerker out of Greg Clark. For years he combed the slums of Toronto, reporting actual cases of need and sickness and misery to wring the public pocket in the interest of the *Star* Santa Claus Fund. His triumph of emotional money-raising in this connection was the year a jam-packed Maple Leaf Gardens listened to him interview a child in an iron lung. The radio public was tuned in too, could hear the child's voice speak a few words, then fade away, then come through again. The cause of this was the mechanism of the lung, but the drama was heart-rending. *The Star* telephones rang far into the night with people wanting to make donations.

Whether he's writing or broadcasting of a sick child or the wholesale massacre of a war, Greg Clark does it in a way that warms people with sympathy — never repels them with horror.

This is partly a trick of writing—on the air, partly a quality of voice which is deep and warm and down-to-earth with common-man touches such as the dropping of his *g's*. Basically, it is because Greg Clark is a sentimentalist at heart. The story of his own marriage is one that no fiction writer could ever make credible. When he was a boy of thirteen, he saw a small girl being pulled on a sleigh. He stopped at a hydrant, pretending to tie up his shoe, to get a

"POPLAR", *from the painting for the pulp and paper industry by A. J. Casson, P.R.C.A.*

*Poplar, of which there are eight native species, is used increasingly as pulpwood.*

A growing concern

Under this industry's Forest Policy of perpetual yield, its forests continue to grow. Pulp and paper's expansion is the chief element in Canada's industrial growth. Amidst industry, it stands first in production, exports, employment, wages paid, and investment. Canada's welfare depends on the health of its leading industry.

PULP & PAPER INDUSTRY *of* CANADA

130 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

better look at her. Keeping to the opposite side of the street, he followed her, noted where she lived. The city directory told him she was the daughter of the Rev. James Murray. The local druggist looked up the church for him and for a period of time Erskine Presbyterian had a gallery addition of one to its congregation. For six years the little girl existed for him as a vivid dream. When she was seventeen he saw her in a tea room.

"It gave me a tremendous sense of the power of the imagination," he says excitedly. "Her eyes, her teeth —which I'd never seen—were exactly as I'd pictured them."

Even then Greg was a first-day man, got invited to a party Helen Murray was attending, "took her home that evening and every evening since."

AFTER 36 years of marriage and three children, Mrs. Clark still regards the whole thing as a little fey. Affirms the truth of the story but reminds her husband that "every evening" excludes a couple of wars, countless assignments, and more fishing trips than anyone can count.

With Greg Clark, fishing is a serious business; not simply a pleasure in itself, but part of a great love of nature which runs the gamut from personal bird-watching, to an international encouragement of conservation of everything from game to soil. He was one of the founders and charter members of the Toronto Anglers and Hunters' Association, writes for angling and wild life publications abroad, and is invited to game conferences to speak on such subjects as "The Mechanical and Psychological Effects of Lures and Fish". He rated a pledge from the council of Algoma "to have the next newly discovered trout stream named after him." He became a fish story prize winner with a tale of losing his coat sweater to a muskelunge. He holds the only diploma from the Soo Hackle Club, which carries a coat of arms with crossed sardines rampant on a background of bucktail flies.

For fishermen, Greg Clark's feelings range from mere friendliness to worship. When he was in England in 1940, he went to St. Dunstan's in the West because Izaak Walton had worshipped there four hundred years before. He said of this expedition: "It was as an angler, not as an Anglican, that I went to that church." Of the ordinary man, the worst thing Greg can say about him is "he's not the kind of man you'd take fishing."

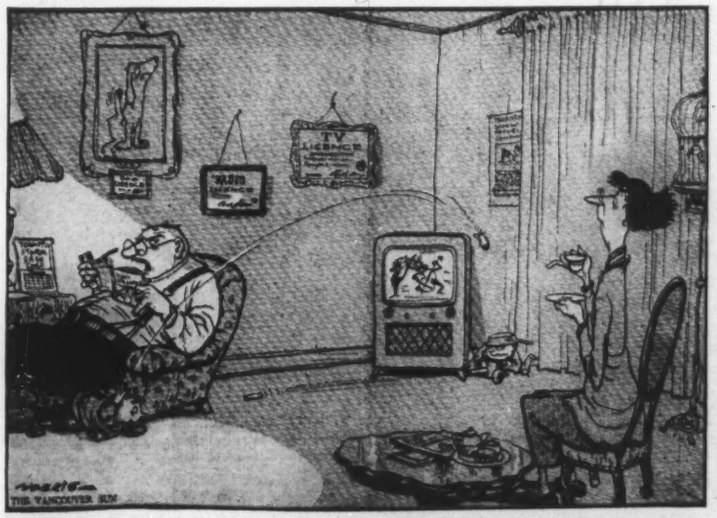
Those who fish with him report that he can stand a whole day in the rain, not get so much as a nibble, and say he's had a good day's fishing. Those who hunt with him say he goes through the woods like quicksilver, will let half a dozen deer go by if he happens to see a rare bird. Lately he's been told he should take things more slowly. Any idea he had of complying with this vanished when he heard that his heart specialist, aged 74, was off on a hunting trip. He salves his conscience by paying closer attention to the doctor's other order, that he give up broadcasting.

Now his work calls for less dashing about. He does have an occasional long-distance assignment — the Coronation next year will probably be one. His regular stint is a half-page humorous anecdote each week for the Montreal *Standard*, and an occasional conference trip to Montreal to fulfill his duties as Associate Editor.

This move to the Montreal *Standard* was one of the big decisions of Greg Clark's life. On *The Star* he was always conscious that he was the editor's son, felt that his colleagues left him out of things on this account. He was not told about the formation of a union, learned about it only after the labor-sympathizing *Star* had crushed it, fired or demoted almost everyone connected with it. His appointment as a war correspondent prevented his leaving then but the idea was always back in his mind.

Small incidents kept it fresh. An insult to Jim Frise coinciding with an offer from Publisher J. W. McConnell, resulted in an instant decision. The only question in the minds of both Greg and Jim was what would be the dramatic moment to break the news. They decided to make their resignation a Christmas present to Publisher Hindmarsh. And in January 1948 Birdseye Centre became a feature of the Montreal *Standard*.

Greg's interests have always been "in the little world around me". His policy to write at the level in which he is at home, to write for the masses who have "no time for the ponderous elegances of literature." Recently he appeared on CBC Television's Sunday night news review, *This Week*. With three editorial big guns, all of whom had collars and ties, Greg Clark made his first television appearance in a T-shirt and tweed jacket. Appearing with one of the best-informed trios on world affairs in Toronto, he maintained, "The United Nations is not news. Nobody reads it. What's news in our house is when Aunt Libby makes a new kind of pickles." Many people thought Greg had a point.




—Norris in The Vancouver Sun

"Take away the fights, the elections, the ball games, Berle, and what have you got? . . . CBC-TV . . ."

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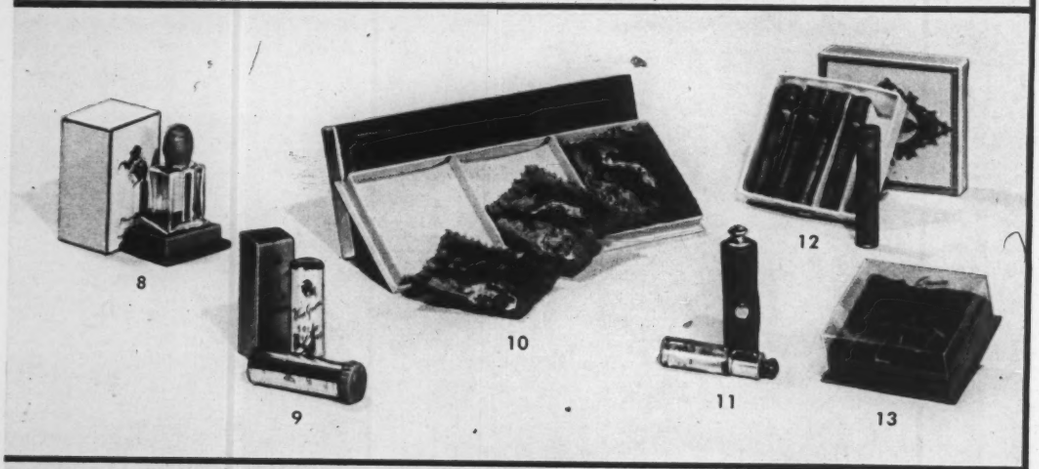


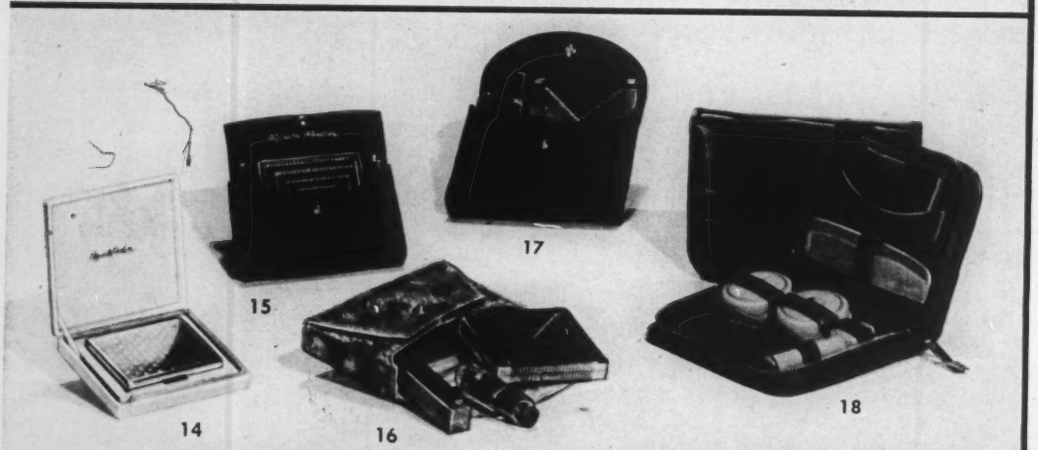


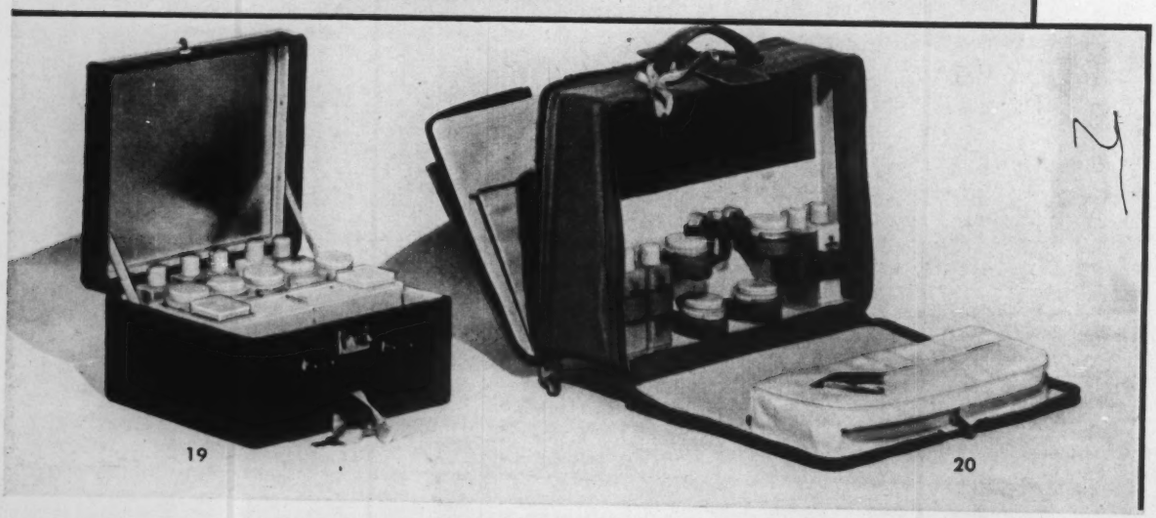


## *Christmas I*

## Elizabeth

1 Blue Grass Flower Mist with Deluxe Atomizer 3.00

2 Blue Grass Petal Wafers for Bath Time Fragrance 2.00

3 Blue Grass Dusting Powder and Blue Grass Flower Mist 4.25

4 Blue Grass Body Sachet Powder 3.00

5 Blue Grass Hand Lotion 1.50, 2.50

6 Blue Grass Flower Mist 2.00, 3.50

7 Blue Grass Bath Soap — 3 Cakes in Flowered Acetate Tube 3.50

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8 Blue Grass Perfume 2.00, 3.25, 6.00 9.75, 16.50, 26.00

9 Blue Grass Solid Cologne 1.50

10 Blue Grass Sachets — 3 Pillows 5.00 6 Pillows 8.50

11 Jewelled Perfumair — Blue Grass 3.00

12 Blue Grass Bath Oil Chests 4.35, 8.25, 10.75

13 Blue Grass Sachets — 3 Pillows in Fancy Box 2.00

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14 Star Design Compact — Loose Powder Type 5.00

15 Fashion Case — Perfumair, Compact, Luxury Lipstick — Grey Suedine Case 12.50

16 Fashion Case — Perfumair, Compact, Automatic Lipstick — Gold Brocade Case 15.00

17 Fashion Case — Perfumair, Compact, Luxury Lipstick — Black Faille Case 12.50

18 Service Kit — Black, Red or Tan 7.50

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19 Beauty Box — Genuine Cowhide—Alligator Grain — Black, Cherry Red, Brown or Green 55.00 Similar in Genuine Rawhide 65.00

20 Ambassadress Travel Case, Genuine Cowhide, Natural Grain 160.00

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*Inspirations by*

*Ardena*

21 My Love Eau de France 13.00

22 My Love Flower Mist 6.00

23 My Love Single Sachet 2.25, 3 in box 6.00

24 My Love Perfume — Plume Bottle 7.50 14.50 43.25

25 Twinkle Toes — My Love — Perfumair & Luxury Lipstick 5.00

26 My Love Dusting Powder 4.25

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27 On Dit Eau de France 13.00

28 On Dit Dusting Powder 3.75

29 Jewelled Perfumair — On Dit 3.00

30 On Dit Sachet — 3 in box 5.00

31 On Dit Velva Liquid 9.00 15.00

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32 June Geranium Hand Lotion and June Geranium Bath Soap 2.35

33 June Geranium Bath Soap — 3 cakes in Flowered Acetate Tube 2.50

34 June Geranium Hand Lotion 1.50 2.50

35 Velva Bath Mit — Christmas Carton .85

36 The Ardenette — Essentials and Make-up 6.00

37 Jack Frost Package — June Geranium Soap 1.00

38 June Geranium Bath Salts 4.50 6.50

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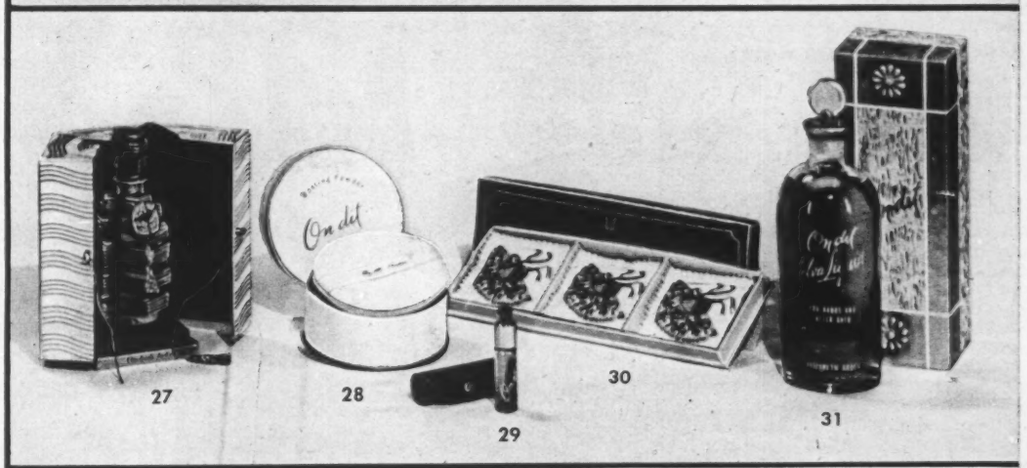
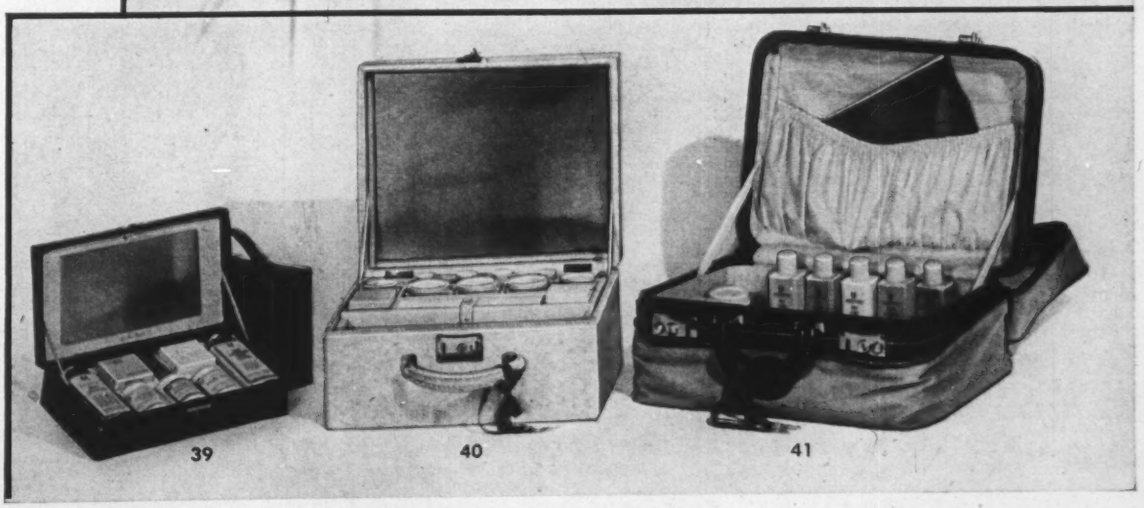
39 Junior Beauty Box — Simulated Alligator in Black, Brown, Green, Red or Simulated Rawhide 10.00

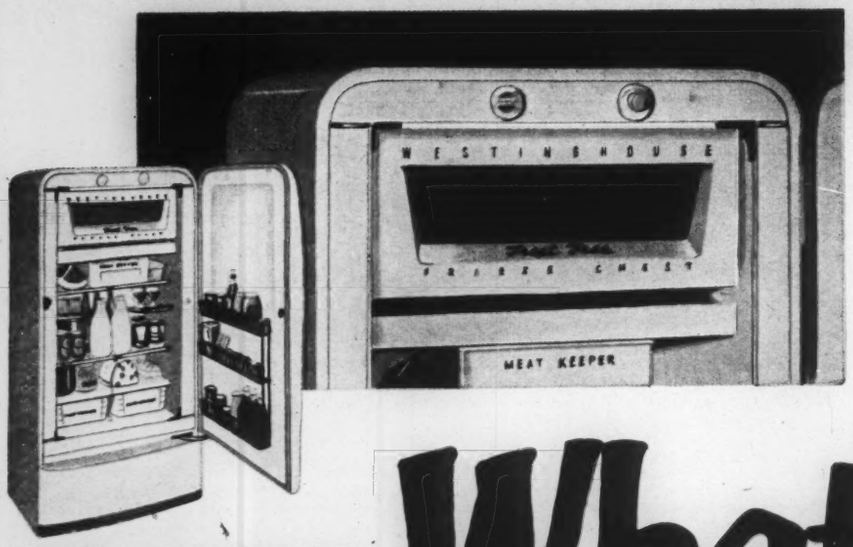
40 Week-end Beauty Box — Simulated Alligator in Black, Brown, Red or Simulated Rawhide 29.50

41 Flight-Weight Beauty Box — Genuine Cowhide, Sun-tan, Red or Blue 115.00

*HOIN EVERY TOWN*





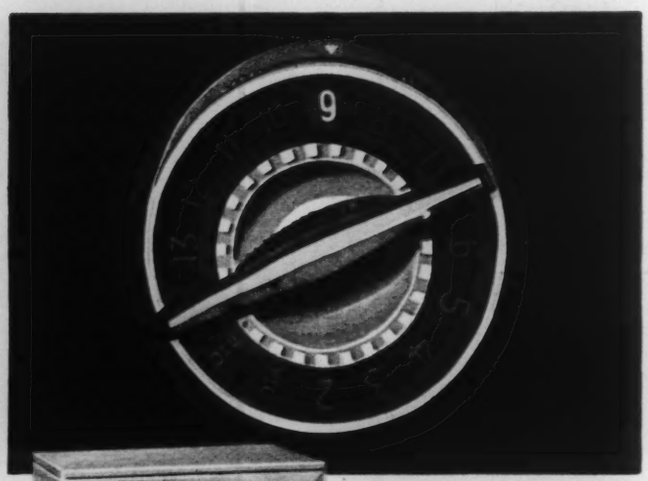


# What's new with

### THE FROST-FREE REFRIGERATOR DEFROSTS ITSELF ONLY WHEN NEEDED

By an ingenious engineering device, your new Westinghouse Frost-Free Refrigerator defrosts itself only when it needs it . . . not at any stated times, not when you happen to think of it . . . but automatically . . . all by itself.

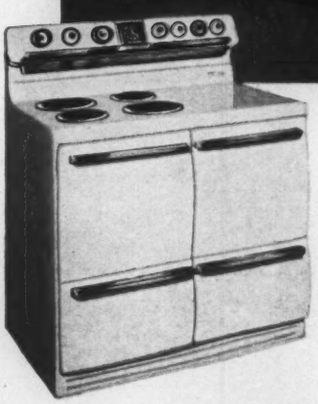
Frost never gets a chance to form on the freezing unit or in the Freeze Chest, which means that you ALWAYS have perfect refrigeration. All your food is kept at the right temperature . . . ice cubes never melt . . . frozen foods stay frozen . . . without any attention from you whatever.



### A PERFECT PICTURE WITH A TWIST OF THE WRIST... THANKS TO SINGLE DIAL CONTROL

You'll see the advantages of this new Westinghouse development at once if you've ever watched anyone "twiddle" with an ordinary array of knobs and dials. If you're unfamiliar with TV, you'll be glad to hear that this simple new control will let you tune your new set perfectly right from the start . . . conveniently and without guesswork. The ON channel is "spotlighted" for extra convenience, and sound is automatically synchronized with the picture. Other new Westinghouse advancements include the "Electronic Clarifier" that filters out interference . . . but THAT you have to SEE!

Westinghouse doesn't just **manufacture** electrical devices for your home . . . it invents them, tests them, develops and improves them.



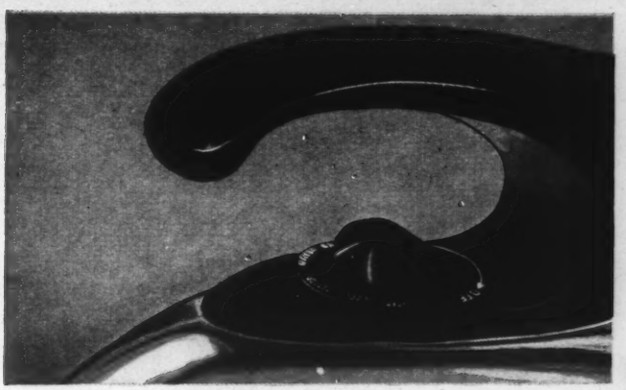
### THE RANGE ELEMENT THAT GETS RED HOT IN 30 SECONDS

Westinghouse developed this amazing Super-Corox element for the deluxe range shown at left. Water boils with lightning speed . . . bacon and eggs are cooked in three minutes from a cold start. The Super-Corox gets hot instantly—it's the world's fastest electric cooking element.
Other Westinghouse Range advancements include the new Miracle Sealed Oven and the convenient Color-Glance Switch Controls.

**FOR YOUR EVENING ENTERTAINMENT . . . "Westinghouse Presents"**
Radio: Sundays, 6 p.m., E.S.T.
T.V. Mondays, Toronto Area 10 to 11 p.m., E.S.T., Montreal Area 9 to 10 p.m., E.S.T.

### THE AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER LEAVES NOTHING FOR YOU TO DO

Everything the average family uses at a meal can be washed . . . and dried . . . at one loading — pots, pans, utensils, glassware, flatware. Another Westinghouse "first" is the Roll-out WashWell . . . it rolls out to load, rolls in to wash . . . there's no stooping or splashing: And of course, there's no work . . . set the dial and the dishes come out sparkling clean and dry.



### THE NEW "OPEN HANDLE" IRON IS THE EASIEST IRON YOU'VE EVER USED

You'd scarcely believe what a difference the design of a handle can make to ease of ironing! In the new Westinghouse "Open Handle" Iron the handle is open at the front . . . you can iron right up inside sleeves, cuffs and spots you could never reach before. It's formed to fit the hand, too . . . and the bevelled edge slips under and around buttons without any interruption to your ironing rhythm.

# Westinghouse

And this progress never stops. That is why you always get something EXTRA when you choose Westinghouse . . . some important new idea or advancement that Westinghouse experience, research and engineering knowledge have put there for your greater satisfaction and enjoyment . . . an extra value that doesn't show up on the price tag.

This great washer advancement — the Westinghouse Laundromat — does your wash exactly the way you want it . . . and you don't even have to be there!

Unlike other so-called automatic washers, the Laundromat does everything you want with one setting of the single control dial. It washes, triple-rinses, empties; and when finished it cleans itself ready for the next wash — and shuts itself off. This is what every housewife wants . . . complete freedom from work on washday.

### AND IN YOUR LAUNDRY, WHAT WONDERFUL LABOUR SAVERS!

The only job left for today's housewife to do which involves real heavy manual labour is the drying of clothes . . . especially in winter.

Westinghouse set out to solve this problem — and now, with the Westinghouse Clothes Dryer, you can dry your clothes any time you wish . . . without work, and without any weather-worries.

Besides that, you can set the "Dry Dial" to any degree of dryness you wish . . . from damp-dry for ironing to bone-dry for storage.

YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S Westinghouse

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LONGER LIFE

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Willard

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...here's why

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New, powerful active material gives this Super Master up to 119% more power at zero than required by S.A.E. standards.

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METALEX, the sensational new Willard grid material, provides 100% more protection against overcharging —the No. 1 battery killer

● New tough sealing compound stands more heat—stands more cold.

● New stronger case with strength where strength is needed most.

There's a Willard for EVERY CAR and EVERY BUDGET

WILLARD PRICES START AT

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

# Methods-Time Measurement

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

forming simultaneous motions . . ." The left thumb could move faster, but to move the left thumb faster than the right hand requires the cards would be as difficult as trying to pat your head and rub your stomach at the same time: that's what's meant by the automatic balance and rhythm. Some motions performed by the right hand must be reduced, eliminated, or given to the left hand to provide the balance and rhythm.

The MTM table highlights this waste time. Table "B" on page 14 shows what happens when you arrange things so the left thumb can shoot cards out faster without disturbing the balance and rhythm. This is done by the obvious method of moving the left hand around the piles of cards to meet the right. The right hand doesn't have so far to travel, so it gets back to the left hand for another card in less time: the left thumb pushes cards out faster and as a result the piling is finished in less time: 663 TMU's or .397 minutes.

This is a marked improvement. The left hand is now unproductive only 33 per cent of the time. However, the left hand is still doing much less than the right. This stands out in the MTM chart (Table "C", page 14). The job is to get the left hand to do more and so improve the method further. The deck is held in the left hand as before, but this time the two hands meet in the centre of the four piles of cards. In Table "C", the first motion recorded is the reach with the right hand to meet the left hand at the centre position. At the same time, the left hand moves the deck to meet the right hand. The right thumb contacts the top card on the deck, and as it moves this card off, the left thumb moves back to contact the next card on the deck. As the hands move the cards, one to each of two piles, the left thumb continues to slide a card from the deck. The last motion is the removal of the fingers from the cards when the cards are on the table.

THE CORE of the improvement is the number of stimultaneous movements. Two cards are put on their piles with no more time or trouble than were required for one card when the first method was used. This two-for-one method follows the spotlighting of the idle left hand by the MTM table. The overall time for the 52 cards is now .3088 minutes—a saving of 37 per cent on the original, apparently best method.

If this were some factory operation, what has MTM accomplished that a methods-minded foreman with a quick eye and a good stop watch couldn't? First of all, it has pointed out a way of doing the job more quickly without disrupting production lines. The whole thing can be figured out without even doing the operation: the movements or elements of the job are broken down, a realistic time is assigned to them from the tables, and from then on it's a matter of arithmetic and creative thinking on how to put idle time to work. Secondly, elements of the job that couldn't be measured by a stop watch—like the flick of the left thumb—are given an accurate time, and thirdly, waste movement or time, not apparent to an observer because of the factor of balance and rhythm, show up on an MTM chart.

MTM savings aren't all a matter of hair splitting however. Sometimes bottlenecks and waste in an operation are obvious even to a casual observer but the firm hasn't put efficiency-making changes into effect because of their high cost. Using MTM, however, the management can find out—before making any changes at all—just how much it is costing the firm *not* to make them.

DAVIS LEATHER in Newmarket, Ont., is in the midst of a reorganization based on MTM studies. It's an old firm and had grown like Topsy, and added new equipment as it went along. Reorganization was indicated, but the questions confronting the progressive young manager, James Gairdner were: how much should be spent on any phase of the reorganization and where is it most needed?

He got Stevenson and Kellogg Ltd. to train two of his own men—one a union leader—in Methods-Time Measurement and in a few weeks had some interesting answers to his problems.

Davis Leather Co. gets skins fresh off the animals and processes them into finished leather in a variety of colors. There are in the neighborhood of 200 operations in the process, so Gairdner's MTM men had a wide field to work in.

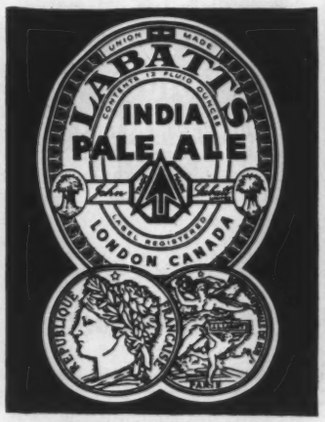
Downstairs, where the raw skins are cleaned and shaved, a casual observer could have seen, a few months ago, that one machine which was supplied by several others was a bottleneck—it couldn't keep up. A more modern machine could maintain the pace, but it would cost $5,500 to buy and install it. Again to the casual observer, the bottleneck wouldn't have appeared to be too serious. The controlling machine didn't lag by much. After Bohmer Groves and Milton Morton, Gairdner's MTM men, did a Methods-Time Measurement analysis of that part of the factory's operation, however, Davis Leather lost no time getting in a new machine. Through the saving on hitherto wasted labor time and increased production, according to Groves, the $5,500 cost of the machine will be earned back in fewer than four months. As another illustration, Groves told me that moving the stockroom next to the shipping room instead of a factory length away from it, will save $4,000 in a year by cutting off time wasted walking back and forth between the two.

The MTM study of a finishing machine showed that it wasn't doing as well as expected. Five women work on this machine, four of them feeding work to a fifth. What showed up on this MTM study was the same thing as appeared in Smith's card deal model. One woman, like the right hand, was working hard and fast to

*It's a MAN'S work...*

**for a man's beer!**

If you suspect that other beers are brewed with the weaker sex in mind, switch to Labatt's India Pale Ale . . . plenty of old-time flavour, hearty, zestful and satisfying. It's a welcome change from weaker-tasting, less satisfying beers. I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. Order Labatt's* *next* time. Ask for I.P.A.! John Labatt Limited.




***The swing is definitely to**

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**WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.**


keep up with the work being fed to her by the other four. The other four, like the left hand and thumb, balanced their operation with the capacity of the controlling operator to handle the work they were feeding her. For three-quarters of the day, the machine and the women produced at 100 per cent of what was expected, but in the last quarter the controlling operator tired; the other four women timed their work to keep the controlling operator busy, but, as she had slowed down, output from the team slowed down. Using the same reasoning as in the card model, the Davis people developed a rotation scheme—each of the five women taking a turn at the controlling end. The fatigue factor disappeared and the team produces at 100 per cent all day.

The problem here wouldn't be obvious, for it's just a matter of a second or so on an operation: there was no visible bottleneck—no piled up leather, no sweating or straining—just a steady almost imperceptible wear on the operator who had to make up that second or so every operation throughout the day. The MTM breakdown showed something neither management or operators could see, but which amounted to a considerable factor during the course of a day. In this case it was the MTM breakdown that showed up a serious but concealed maladjustment.

This Methods-Time Measurement isn't likely to be the last word in tools for improving manufacturing methods. It does, however, establish a healthy trend in the production picture: the application of the same scientific approach to management as has been applied for years to machining.

*INSURANCE*

## Big Loss Cover

**by Geoffrey L. Pratt**

A TREND has become increasingly evident in the property insurance world during these '50s: the practice of arranging insurance to protect only against heavy loss.

This expedient is actually "old hat" to insurance people—a hoary principle that has been recognized by corporate insurance ever since it set up shop almost three hundred years ago. Variously known as "Excess", "Deductible", "Catastrophe" cover or some kindred term, a handful of insurance companies has served notice of specialization in such contracts.

Boiled down to simple definition, Catastrophe coverage visualizes nothing more than the assumption by a policyholder of a stated amount of any claim under a contract covering fire and supplemental perils or indeed, other hazards. The device is well known to everyone as it applies fundamentally in the case of the deductible $25, $50 or $100 under an automobile collision policy.

So far the Catastrophe plan of coverage has been welcomed almost exclusively by the country's kernel of super-industries, following thoughtful introduction by one of the spe-


**Wanted . . .**
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cialist companies or an aggressive insurance broker with a heavy stake in a large concern's protection portfolio.

Big outfits with enormous insurable values have up to now been the main target for Catastrophe policy sales. By the nature of their cross-country operations, superior safety-engineered plant construction, and top financial rating, they represent a high quality risk from an insurance company's viewpoint. The question arises whether these factors — obviously spelling "profit" to the insurers of such colossi—might not suggest a program of self-insurance? This in spite of the doleful history of such funds.

It is precisely the haunting fear of election for a self-insurance fund on the part of important customers that has motivated both the pros and cons of the Catastrophe policy question.

Most insurance companies deplore the trend as the thin end of a wedge: by selling semi-protection in the form of a property policy subject to a stated deductible amount — perhaps $25,000 or even $250,000—Insurance is condoning a practice that it has always held to be anathema. The customer becomes a self-insurer for the first $25,000 or $250,000 of any loss as the case may be.

The other side of the argument—advanced by relatively few insurance companies but by many brokers who are bearing down on "Catastrophe" sales—admits that it is running in the face of old tenets. The bald fact is that times have changed, these people say, and if a valuable client wants to carry some of his own risk and can be held only part way down the self-insurance path—that does not constitute abandonment of principle. It is the "half a loaf" theory exemplified, and Insurance must keep step with progress.

Detractors of the Catastrophe development not only account it an ill-advised one ethically, but see cause for alarm in all its future implications. Public clamor and unbridled competition may soon see householders, for example, seeking fire coverage (at substantially less cost) under which they will usurp the functions of Insurance — become self-insurers — for a stated amount.

"And what's wrong with that?" say the pro-Catastrophe people. "The public is accustomed to deductibles in its automobile, personal property floater, health and accident and other forms of insurance. If anyone feels he wants a catastrophe form of coverage against any hazard, the insurance business should be able to provide it."

The answer is, of course, that insurance companies themselves imposed deductible conditions upon automobile and other contracts where the practice has long been accepted—without customer demand and solely in their own interest.

Notwithstanding these inconsistencies, progress must inexorably bring about compliance with what is quite evidently a growing demand for "Big Loss" insurance—at a price.


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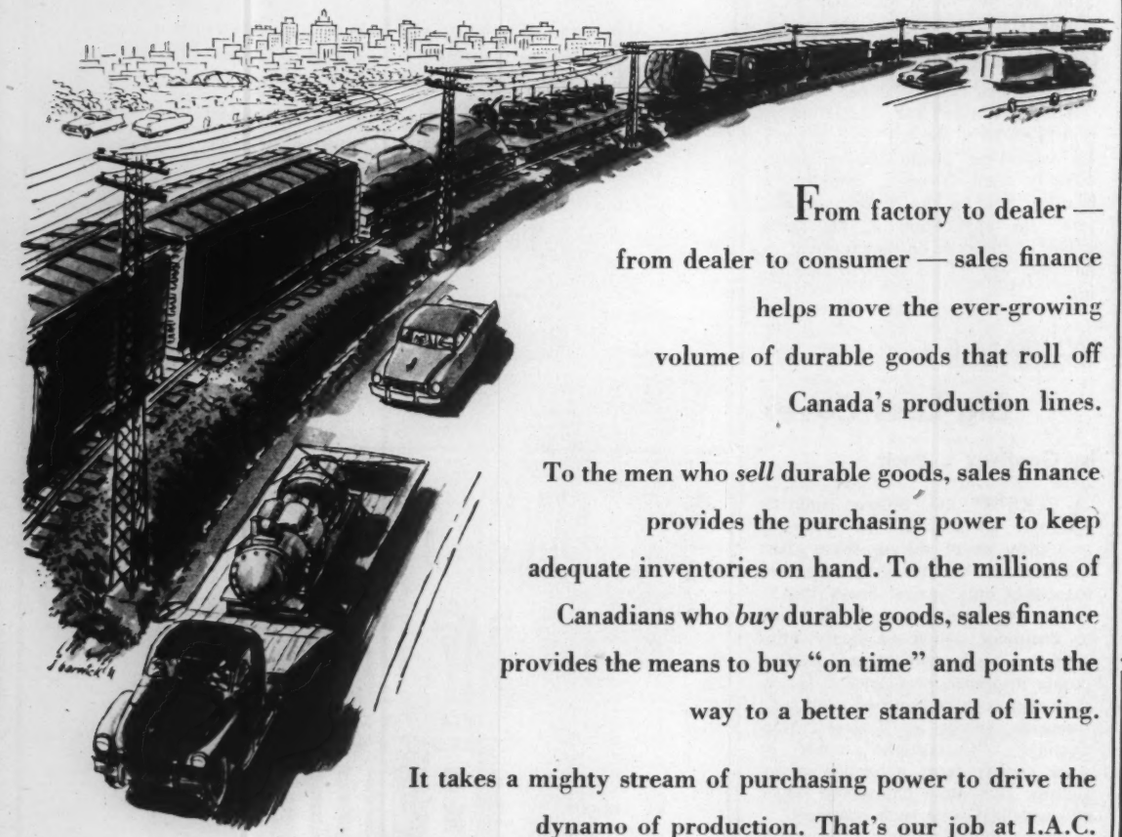

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By Order of the Board
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 24, 1952.

*AS OTHERS SEE US*

# Canada's Puritanical Boom

**by William Clark**

WILLIAM CLARK *is a London* Observer *correspondent. His story to* The Observer *on his visit to the Canadian west shows how the great developments there look to British eyes.*

THE red-faced man in front of me in the queue at the cashier's desk was determined to be nasty. He had told us several times that they did things better in Chicago, and that he couldn't think why he had ever come to Calgary, or Alberta or Canada.

"Seven dollars is too much for a hotel room in this hick town" he grumbled as he counted out seven dollar bills and turned to go. "Excuse me, sir" said the patient cashier, "there is another 40 cents to pay, the United States dollar is at a discount here you know."

There was a moment in which apoplexy seemed certain, and mayhem likely, but the shock was too great and the Chicagoan paid up without a word. Not a single Canadian grinned, but all of them managed to look very pleased in a restrained way.

The price of hotel rooms, and the difficulty of getting them even at a price, is only one indication of the boom which is enveloping the West of Canada. Every town is surrounded by concentric rings of new houses, the last few rows usually still awaiting the arrival of public services. In Edmonton, which is both the capital of Alberta and self-consciously postmarks all letters "The oil capital of Canada," the town has grown so fast that the airport has been entirely surrounded.

There can be no doubt that Edmonton is a boom town; money is easy, prices are grotesque, the broad streets are clogged with shiny bulbous new American cars. Yet the scene, which is in many ways so reminiscent of American movies about boom towns in the old West, is given a definitely Canadian flavor by the curious fact that this is a puritanical boom. At ten o'clock the town is asleep, there are no gambling dens, no shots in the night followed by the sound of sheriff's posses, above all, there are no saloon bars.

It is not possible to buy a drink of anything stronger than beer in Edmonton, and even that is only provided in bars for men separated by a thick wall from bars for women. Alberta takes the pleasures of wealth with a Presbyterian seriousness that reflects the strong Scots element in the population.

The Prime Minister of the Province is himself an earnest Churchman who regards politics as the continuation of religion by other means. His Social Credit Government has long since abandoned ideas of currency manipulation (except in theory) and concentrates its attention on sound, honest and very conservative administration.

For in spite of the boom, in spite of the great fortunes that are being made, Canadians are acutely aware that they stand today where the United States stood at the end of the Civil War: on the threshold of great expansion; and they are determined to learn from the mistakes of their neighbor, just as they feel that they have learned much from the mistakes of the Mother Country.

But it is difficult for Canada, living next-door to the most powerful country in the world, to feel sure that she will remain master of her fate. The days of President Polk, of "Fifty-four Forty or fight" and of overt American Imperialism are over, but the 49th parallel is a very thin wall against the power of American capital. The oil fields of Alberta are at present largely financed by United States dollars, and this is greatly resented.

"Canada cannot be independent and show the world what she's made of till Canadian industries are financed by Canadian money," I was told by a banker in Calgary. I asked how a country with a population little larger than some of the individual States of the American union could hope to finance the development of half a continent.

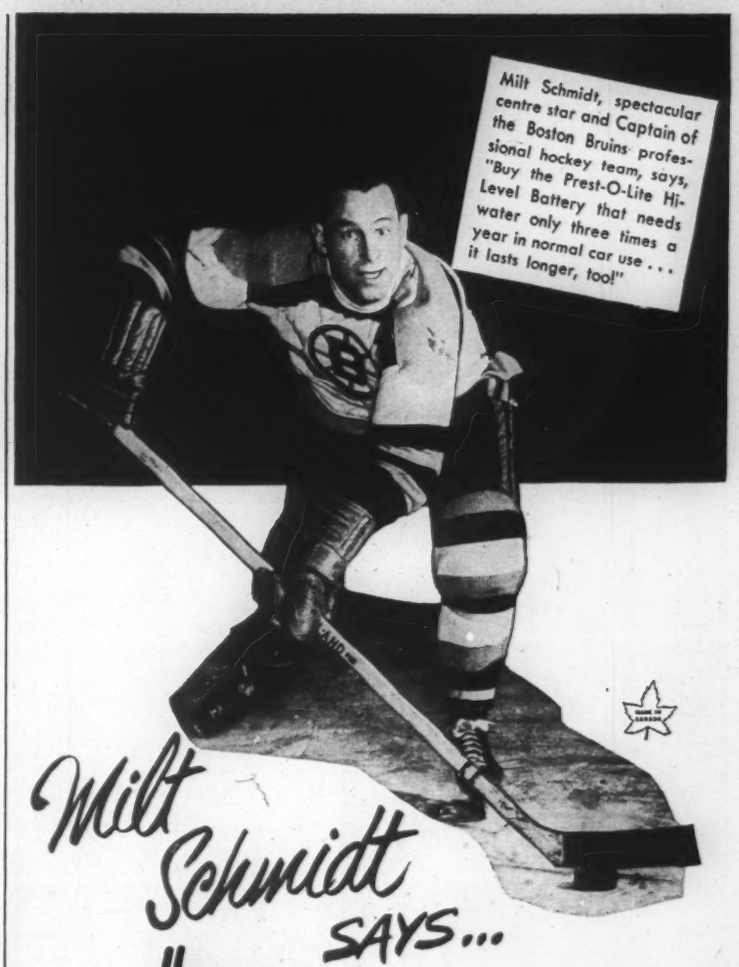
"By Canadian money," he replied. "I mean the traditional Canadian dollar which is 50 cents of United States money and 50 cents of sterling." There is no difficulty about getting 50 cents from the United States.

THE ABSENCE of British capital investment since the war is a cause of deep dissatisfaction throughout the West of Canada, however much this is explained away as cruel economic necessity.

The sudden flowering of the United States in the past ten years, and particularly the shift in the balance of power within the States to a little West of Centre, has made the Canadian West far more aware of the merits of a more distant, less powerful Britain. In Commonwealth talks Canada may seem to us to be just part of the dollar area, but in talks across the border Canadians are almost aggressively British.

There are weaknesses in the Canadian position of independence of which they are very well aware. The need to get capital from the United States alone, rather than from two or more competitive bidders is one such weakness; the lack of an indigenous Canadian culture is another, though every effort is being made to produce "national" schools of Art and Letters.

But as I flew from Winnipeg to Chicago over the everlasting miles of wheat I could feel the strength and solidity of Canada's claim to be recognized as a great emergent nation. It was with pride that I put down eight Canadian dollars to pay my poll tax at the Chicago airport. "Sorry, Bud," said the immigration officer, "this foreign money's no good here."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*DOLLARS & DEFICITS*

# Commonwealth Sore Spots

**by John L. Marston**

RELATIONS between the U.K. and the dominions, between the U.K. and the British colonies, between one far-flung British territory and another, between the Commonwealth as a whole and the outside world, have never been simple and clear-cut. Recently they have become more than usually complicated. Trading relations between the U.K. and Canada are not at their happiest, as Canadian statesmen have remarked with some frankness. The U.K.'s influence in Australia and New Zealand has weakened more than London imagined, as the exclusion of the U.K. from the Pacific Council—evidently with Australian approval—has revealed. Ministers from the colonies, both African and Caribbean, have criticized the Mother Country's commercial and financial policies.

Regionalism is important in this age of geopolitics. It is important that the United States is Canada's neighbor, that the United States is a Pacific power while Britain (directly) is not. It is still more important that the U.S. has been able to increase industrial power more rapidly than Britain, that the U.S. has capital available for export while Britain has not.

Into the medley of conflicting trends the Commonwealth Economic Committee introduced this October the Memorandum on Commonwealth Trade in 1951. It came opportunely as a reminder that the Commonwealth was still a powerful economic force.

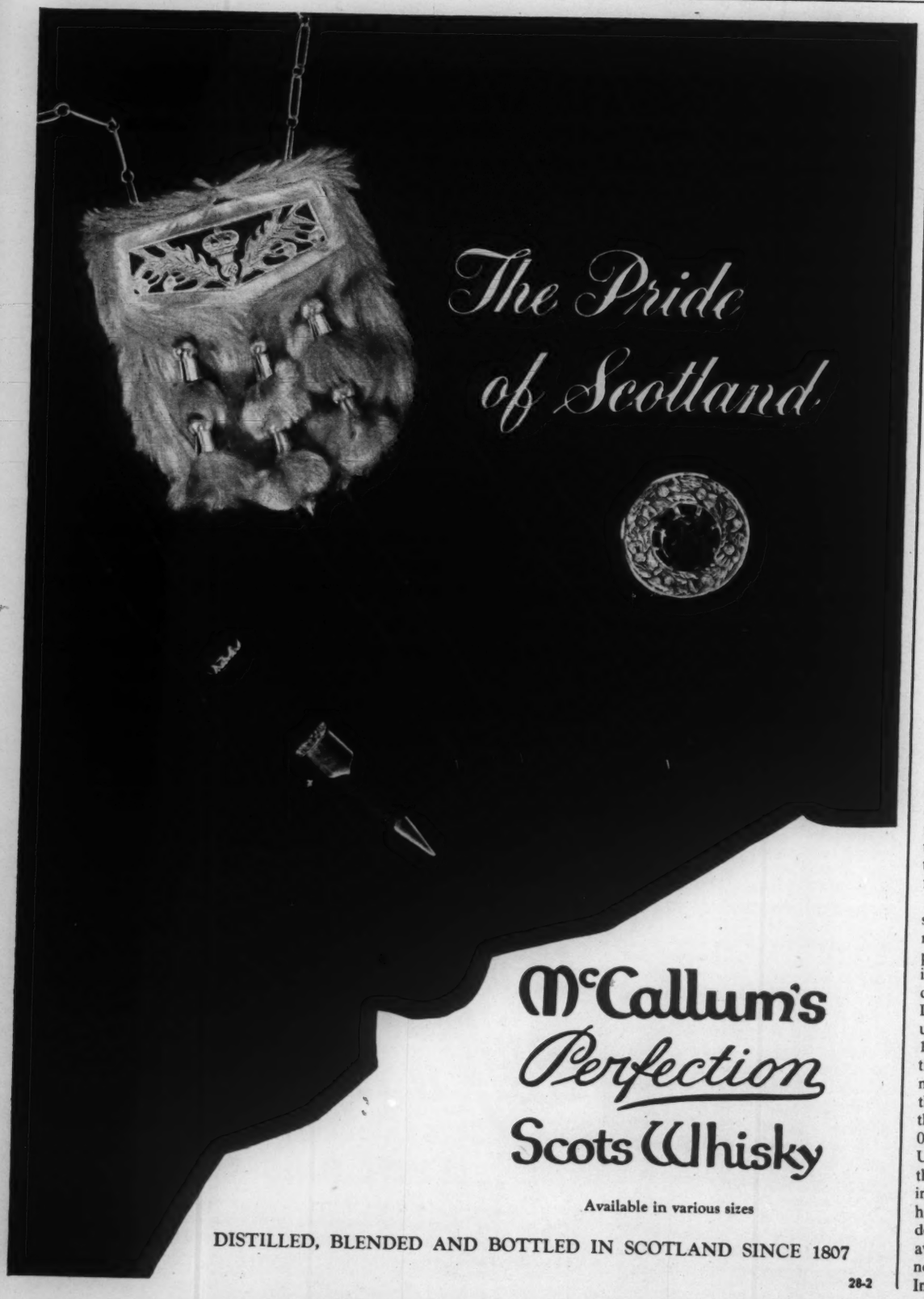
The Memorandum showed that of total international trade last year the Commonwealth accounted for 30 per cent — the same proportion as in 1950. It is thus, in the matter of trade, as important as the whole of Europe and much more important than the U.S. However, the overall figure does not prove much. A high level of trade can be weakening if it is unbalanced trade. Last year it was unbalanced.

The result was a deficit of more than £1,000 million. At the same time, the trade of the sterling Commonwealth with the U.S. and Canada reverted from a moderate to a substantial deficit, the overseas countries failing to counteract the chronic dollar deficit of the U.K.

EFFORTS to restore the balance this year are partly responsible for the psychological stresses now observable. Curtailment of spending is disagreeable for both the buyer and the seller. Canada, as a member of the Commonwealth, is naturally resentful that the economies particularly affect her, as a dollar country; nor can it be imagined that Canadian wheat-farmers will be pleased by attempts to ease the dollar problem by restoring Australia's capacity as a wheat-exporter. On the other hand, U.K. manufacturers were shocked when they learned that the economies adopted by Australia and other sterling countries would sharply restrict their export markets.

An aggravating factor is the idea prevalent in various Commonwealth countries that, as most of the Commonwealth's deficit last year was due to the U.K.'s adverse trade balance, the burden of recovery should have fallen on the U.K.

The colonies have, perhaps, the strongest grievance. They are not masters of their trading and financial policies, and in the period when the independent sterling countries were drawing heavily on their balances in London, the colonies were building up their balances. In the first half of 1952 the self-governing sterling countries reduced their balances by £309 million to £1,513 million, whereas the dependent territories increased their balances by £75 million to £1,042 million. This huge total of the U.K.'s debt to the colonies is largely the result of the colonies' dollar earnings, which, in exchange for sterling, have been absorbed into the central dollar pool, and have thus become available to cover dollar purchases not only of the U.K. but also of, say, India or Australia.



## U.S. BUSINESS

# Tariffs Attacked

**by R. L. Hoadley**

A FRESH ATTACK on international trade restrictions, urged by Canada's C. D. Howe in a New York address seems to be producing effective results. Addressing 2,000 bankers and businessmen at the annual foreign trade convention, Howe pointed out that international trade is moving along at an all-time high level. Then he tartly added that trade restrictions also are at a high level.

Quantitative restrictions on imports, he said, make it more difficult to bring about a cure for the dollar problem. The responsibility for taking removal measures does not lie in Canada's hands, he continued. Then he glanced over his audience and soberly said he doubted that such a task would be undertaken without the help and encouragement of the U.S.

Following the keynote supplied by Howe, practically all the other speakers called for lowered tariff barriers and "trade not aid". Chairman Aldrich of the Chase National Bank (second largest in the world) made the point that lowered tariffs should accompany convertibility of currencies and President Truman sent a message reminding the convention that the "present inadequate" Trade Agreements Act expires this year. Aldrich said that most of our allies are in economic trouble—with an expanding world market providing the key to solution of their difficulties. The U.S., he continued, is the only country with enough economic strength to meet this situation. Canada can and will help, he said, "but the main responsibility is ours as it has been for the last seven years."

In its closing session the convention made a strong plea for customs reform and reduced tariffs. But it struck a sour note when it cold-shouldered the International Materials Conference and other commodity pacts. Meanwhile, the National Association of Manufacturers came out for lower tariff barriers for the first time and the 6,000 members of the Detroit Board of Commerce proposed eliminating *all* tariffs.

This is the first time that any large group of U.S. businessmen has publicly advocated a free trade policy for the U.S. This dramatic statement represented the opinion of "hard-headed" leaders in American industry. It was issued after a ten-year study of the foreign trade situation.

R. L. HOADLEY *is Assistant Financial Editor of the* New York Herald Tribune.

52-2

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# CANADA IS ON THRESHOLD OF VAST ADVANCE, SAYS B of M PRESIDENT

## B.C. Gardner Sees Voluntary Savings As "Seed Corn of Industrial Growth"

### GORDON BALL, GENERAL MANAGER, REPORTS RECORD B OF M ASSETS, DEPOSITS, LOANS— REVIEWS GENERAL BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Affirming that Canada stands "on the threshold of vast industrial advance," B. C. Gardner, president of the Bank of Montreal, emphasized four factors of "fundamental importance to this country's future well-being," in his address to the B of M's 135th annual general meeting. These covered Canada's continued dependence on foreign markets, the recognition of productivity as the key to progress, the role which saving played in a dynamic economy, and the growing function of government in the economic and social order.

Gordon R. Ball, general manager, presented the bank's 135th annual statement reporting record total assets of $2,286 millions and record deposits standing at $2,148 millions. These compared with assets of $2,221 millions and deposits at $2,085 millions at the 1951 year-end. Total current loans, another new high, were $663 millions, an increase of $45 millions. Dominion and provincial taxes were $5,918,000, and net earnings amounted to $5,668,778, of which $4,500,000 was paid out in dividends at the rate of $1.25 per share. An addition of $2 millions was transferred from the profit-and-loss account to the reserve fund, now standing at $53 millions.

**Need Remains for Markets Abroad**

The B of M president noted that "our impressive industrial expansion has as yet done little to render us less dependent on export trade," and that much of the new industrial capacity being established in Canada today is for the "large-scale production of materials that will have to find external markets if the enterprises are to prosper."

"The course of business in the United States, and its influence on that country's demand for the bulk of Canadian products, are of greater direct concern to us than ever before," Mr. Gardner added. "We also have a vital and continuing interest in the recovery of the dollar purchasing power of the Commonwealth and of other overseas countries."

Another facet of the same problem, Mr. Gardner stated, was that "Canada can ill afford" the competitive disadvantage that would result if the domestic level of prices should rise faster than corresponding prices in other major countries.

**Actual Output Grows Slowly**

Great as Canada's material progress has been, Mr. Gardner said, "the overall gain in output that can be achieved from one year to another is relatively limited." It was, in fact, only about one and a half per cent per annum for the average Canadian.

"Yet it is out of this relatively modest annual gain in productivity," he said, "that all desire for enhanced living standards, for greater social security, and all the growing requirements of the community for defence, capital expansion and increased governmental services must be met, if they are to be met."

There was a real danger, Mr. Gardner maintained, that, in the competitive jostling of various groups and interests, "too much may be demanded too quickly," resulting only in a reduction of "the quantity of goods a dollar will buy."

**Profits Have Role as Savings**

The president next discussed the vast capital requirements of an expanding economy, and their tendency to "run ahead of new savings provided voluntarily by the Canadian community." He said that, normally, the largest single constituent of voluntary saving was money ploughed back into industry itself through the use, for corporate purpose, of undistributed profits and depreciation reserves. "Such retained funds are, therefore, the seed corn of industrial growth. Far from being anti-social, they are a social necessity."

Turning to the role that should be assigned government in the social and economic order, Mr. Gardner observed that "the demands of the community for civilian services provided by government seems to grow from year to year," and there seemed to be an increasing tendency to run to government for protection against the "ordinary hazards of day-to-day business." But "the services provided by government must be paid for out of the pockets of private citizens," and "increasing governmental costs can be a retarding influence on Canadian progress."

**General Manager's Address**

Mr. Ball stated that, once again this year, the "scoreboard of national economic activity" would probably show new high records for output, employment and income, but the "margin of gain will be relatively small."

Consumers, he said, had recently been spending more freely, especially on durable items, but selling has been "off the shelf," bringing inventories down to more conservative levels. "Reflecting this drawing down of stocks, manufacturing output in physical quantity has been running somewhat below last year."

Livestock and meat prices were still adversely affected by the U.S. embargo, Mr. Ball noted, but Canada's greatest wheat crop had been safely harvested. Canadian defence spending and U.S. military orders in Canada were growing, along with private capital expenditures.

Referring to the exceptional strength of the dollar in the last year, the general manager said it reflected "both the favorable situation of the Canadian economy at the present time and also, through external investment, an optimistic appraisal, by outside observers, of this country's future prospects."

**Advocates Free Sterling Rate**

Mr. Ball commented that Canada's abandonment of a fixed exchange rate had resulted in a less speculative, more soundly based inflow of capital for long-term investment. He also noted that, within 15 months after the exchange rate was freed, Canadian exchange control was completely abandoned. These lessons, he thought, might in some measure apply elsewhere.

In the case of Sterling, Mr. Ball pointed out that "the defence of a fixed rate seems to be one of the influences contributing to recurrent drains on exchange reserves and to continued dependence on restrictions and controls. . ." These controls were becoming more difficult to apply effectively. The advent of full convertibility and elimination of exchange controls might be "greatly hastened" if the Sterling exchange rate were first set free to find "a realistic level determined by market forces."

Mr. Ball concluded his address with an expression of thanks "to those 10,000 people who, in their various capacities, are serving the bank so faithfully and so well." He added . . . "I am confident that our staff, in addition to doing their work efficiently, are building for the bank, through courtesy and cheerfulness, an enormously valuable fund of goodwill."

## BOOK FOR BUSINESS

# The Economists

IDEAS OF THE GREAT ECONOMISTS — by George Soule—*Macmillan*—*$4.25.*

**by Michael Young**

BECAUSE the most important element he has to work with is mankind, the economist is at a distinct disadvantage when he tries to class himself, with physicists and chemists, as a scientist. Only the loosest general principles of human behavior and motives can be laid down with any certainty. Economists' theories—at least those outside the purely mathematical exercises of some of the econometricians—are based on their individual interpretation of man and what makes him tick. There are, as a result, a great many theories.

By nature, economists also seem to be a quarrelsome lot. When a theory is advanced in one of the professional journals, it is bound to be followed by an extended pro and con discussion on its theoretical or practical validity. It's a matter of history that this has been going on for some time. But out of it all have developed some important and extremely useful analytical tools and formulae: "Given these conditions, this always happens." Sometimes by hard reasoning, sometimes by trial and error, the formulae have been established as dependable bases on which to plan a policy or launch an assault on a difficulty.

Books, like "Ideas of the Great Economists", that trace the development of economic thought from the days of the great Greeks or earlier show how one theory grew from another—either as a contradiction of it or as a further development of it, and, if you believe economists have contributed anything to the world, give cause for thanks that, professionally anyway, economists tend to be rather quarrelsome.

Mr. Soule, who was for many years an editor of *New Republic* and Director of the National Bureau of Economic Research in the States, now lectures in economics at Bennington College. He has condensed a great deal of economic thought plus his own comments into 214 pages. The result is an orderly procession of some of the great thoughts on man's struggle for a material utopia.

TRADE UNIONS—by Allan Flanders—Ryerson —*$2.50.*

■ This is a concise textbook on a powerful social institution. The emphasis is on the labor union picture in Britain, although broader manifestations of the labor picture—such as international trade union organization—are discussed. This, and the concluding chapter on relations between the trade union and the state take the study beyond the limits of the organized labor picture in Britain. Mr. Flanders is Senior Lecturer in Industrial relations at Oxford.

*Impression of Giant De-barking Drum — by Willard Goodman*

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*Willard Goodman, young Toronto artist, used this photograph in creating his impression of a giant de-barking drum . . . an impression unrestricted as to technical accuracy. He captures a feeling of movement, force and cleanliness. Mr. Goodman was born in 1922, has been painting since 1942, is one of Canada's promising younger painters.*

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## LETTERS

### Tungsten in U.K.

THE statement of Leslie Roberts in Nov. 15 issue that there is no tungsten in the United Kingdom cannot go unchallenged . . . If it is worth anything to your magazine, or to him, or to anyone else, I know where there is plenty of tungsten in England right around where I was born, and where the mines used to work it. The mineral is still there but the brains are lacking . . .

*San Mateo, Calif.* G. ROSEKILLY

### Funds for MP's

R. A. FARQUHARSON'S article (SN Nov. 22) re MP's indemnities reminds me of an experience of a conscientious MP of some years ago. He told me the MP's were getting enough (then $4,000) for services rendered, but still they were not getting sufficient. The reason for the shortage was the eternal drain on MP's and MLA's finances by requests (equal to demands) by no end of organizations for donations. Members are a prey of every fund-raising cause. Dare they refuse?

This brings two evils. One is the temptation to reimburse these extra costs by methods not according to Hoyle. Who is most to blame, the members or John Q. Public? Second, what chance has a man of limited means against Mr. Moneybags who can lavish donations to all comers?

Would it be a cure for these and some of the ills outlined by Mr. Farquharson if the giving of donations by any elected MP or MLA (including those nominated by conventions) to any specified fund be made illegal? It is at least worthy of consideration.

*Carievale, Sask.* E. M. GRAHAM

### Juveniles and Reading

JUVENILE delinquency and teenage reading of obscene literature are interrelated, but not, I think, as closely as SN implies (Nov. 8).

The market for obscenity depends upon frustrated and deformed biological curiosity. Biological curiosity itself is wholesome; our culture handles it badly. Parents should be educated to educate their children; thus obscene publications might be eliminated through enlightenment, very much as moonshining can be eliminated by the intelligently legalized sale of alcohol.

In a larger sense, both delinquency and obscenity are products of psychological frustration and deformity. Discipline in the ordinary sense is no remedy; it is merely prohibition coupled with the threat of punishment, and when the punisher is not looking his authority is void. True discipline comes from within the self; it rests not upon fear but upon a sense of values, of personal worth and "belongingness", the foundations of which are laid very early in life. Delinquents are apt to be rebellious outcasts who got that way by growing up in an atmosphere of hostility and rejection; who in their early lives did not find the emotional security necessary to develop true values . . .

The whole subject is a very broad one and would make a splendid topic for treatment in your columns by a writer well informed in psychology and sociology.

K. G. PHIN, M.D.

*New Westminster, B.C.*

### "Honest John" and PGE

I HAVE enjoyed reading Roy Brown's article, *B.C.'s Problem Railway Grows Up* (Nov. 1 issue), but Mr. Brown's memory is a bit at fault when he says that "Honest John" Oliver was the sole Liberal returned in the election which endorsed the McBride Government's railway policy.

As a matter of fact, that election took place *before* the PGE deal was put over, and the lone Liberal was H. C. Brewster (Oliver was defeated), and with him in opposition were two socialist coal miners from Vancouver Island, of whom Parker Williams was one. In the following election, (1912), when the railway policy *was* the issue, only the two socialists were elected in opposition to an unbroken array of Conservatives; both Brewster and Oliver were defeated.

In 1916, however, after the chickens had come home to roost, and the railways backed by McBride had gone into receivership, Brewster swept the province. He died in 1918, and was succeeded as premier by "Honest John."

*Toronto, Ont.* D. M. LEBOURDAIS

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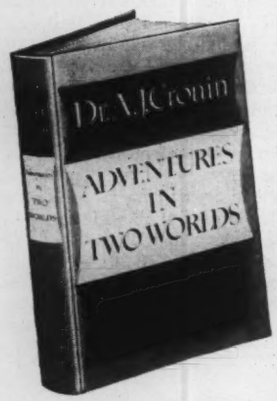


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# BOOK REVIEWS

## The Good Life in Nova Scotia

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY—by Ernest Buckler—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.50.

**by J. L. Charlesworth**

THIS FIRST novel is Canadian in authorship and setting, its scene being the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, where its author has farmed for the past 12 years. According to a biographical note on the jacket, he has been working on the novel during about half that period, and even without the note, the reader can recognize evidence of careful, painstaking search for the right words to express thoughts and emotions.

The story is about the life and work of a farming family and the neighbors. Like most rural novels, it is based on the assumption that life in the country, though difficult, is more praiseworthy than life in a city and farmers better people than city-dwellers.

David Canaan, the younger son of the central family, is the one with whom the story is chiefly concerned, and Mr. Buckler, in his creation, has endowed him with a sensitivity and poetic insight which may seem rather exaggerated to readers in other parts of Canada, although it may be a typical efflorescence of the Annapolis Valley. David's career is followed from childhood to early manhood, and it is mainly through his eyes that the reader sees the beauty of the landscape in all seasons of the year.

The author shifts his point of view at will, entering into the minds of his other characters with a freedom that is hardly legitimate nowadays. In this respect his writing is Victorian, but there is nothing old-fashioned about his choice of incidents for description. Mixed with appreciation of natural beauty he shows a relish for barnyard bawdiness. This, at least, is the same in the Annapolis Valley as in other parts of Canada.

"The Mountain and the Valley"
ERNEST BUCKLER

## The Story-Teller

THE SHAPE OF SUNDAY: An Intimate Biography of Lloyd C. Douglas—by Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson—*Allen*—$3.50.

**by B. K. Sandwell**

THE AUTHOR of "Magnificent Obsession" was a fairly complex personality, but the most essential quality in him was that of the story-teller, the audience-holder. It made him a great popular preacher, it made him a great popular novelist, and in responding to the drive to be these things he sacrificed the possibility of being a powerful thinker. His was the temptation which besets the great actor, to choose a theatrically effective vehicle rather than a significant one.

His daughters appear to have inherited a good deal of his story-telling skill, or at any rate the older, Virginia Douglas Dawson, who did the writing of what is otherwise a joint production. Mrs. Dawson is married to a Montrealer, and the book dodges the Montreal episode of the novelist's life with obvious care. At the end of 1931 Douglas was looking forward to spending quite a long time in the Canadian city; in January 1932 he preached a controversial sermon on the Pope's message to the Protestant world; in the same month the sales of "Magnificent Obsession" began to be impressive; by the end of that year the second novel was doing well and his resignation was being considered.

It seems likely that the success of his fiction had more to do with the decision to leave Montreal than any differences with the more conservative leaders at St. James United, although his unfinished autobiography pointed strongly to the latter. Just before leaving the church he wrote to a daughter that he had to drive himself to sermonizing: "There haint no bottom to my hahelujah anymo'. My attention has been so thoroughly diverted from the church business that I find it difficult to carry on with anything like interest."

When he actually moved he "tore hundreds and thousands of wonderful sermons into small bits and threw them into a large basket." He had then been a preacher for exactly 30 years, except for a few months in a YMCA executive job. Obviously it is difficult to be a preacher and a novelist at the same time.

"Great Paintings from the National Gallery"
PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH: FILIPPINO LIPPI

## Some Lovely Bits

FULL ENJOYMENT—by A. P. Herbert—*British Book Service*—$1.50.

**by Lucy Van Gogh**

FOR FIVE years my life has been divided into the periods when I possessed a clipping of Herbert's "Address to Chaos", the periods when somebody had stolen that clipping but I didn't know it, and the periods when I was earnestly seeking to replace it. It is one of the classics of English light verse.

Now, thank goodness, I shall no longer have to rely on clippings. Here it is on page 23 of this collection of over a hundred almost equally lovely bits of verse, including the title piece, a short poem asserting the superiority of "Full Enjoyment" over "Full Employment". I think even Socialists of the brighter kind enjoy this sort of poetry; to anti-Socialists it is one ray of cheer in a dim and foggy world.

Dark thought: Is it possible that people will steal the book as they used to steal the clippings?

## Collectors' Prize

GREAT PAINTINGS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART — edited by Huntingdon Cairns, John Walker and David Finley — *Macmillan*—$17.00.

**by Paul Duval**

SINCE the appreciation of painting depends in a large degree upon the experiencing of painting, the role of the illustrated art publication has a major part to play in the advancement of the gallery-goer's knowledge. Very few individuals have the opportunity to visit the galleries of the world to study great works of art as originals; but the colored reproduction, depending upon its fidelity, can do much to effect a substitute. Fortunately, in recent years, the quality of reproduction in art books has risen to a point where there is frequently little difference between the actual painting and its facsimile. An outstanding example of this fidelity may be found in the latest Washington National Gallery publication.

"Great Paintings from the National Gallery of Art" is a companion volume to the "Masterpieces" published in 1944. As in the earlier book, it contains 85 large plates devoted to the evolution of western painting since the fifteenth century. Throughout its large format are to be found examples from every major European school. Opposite each painting is a page of text extracted from the writings of philosophers, poets, novelists and critics. The text of such a varied

literary cross-section as James Joyce, Confucius, Samuel Johnson, Chaucer, Shakespeare and Bertrand Russell is posited beside the paintings of Rembrandt, Titian, El Greco, Degas and George Bellows.

This volume should help to widen the public's approach to various painting styles. For, as David Finley, the National Gallery's director, states in his foreword: "In the field of art, too many people are inclined to pass judgment on what is or is not excellent long before they have earned the right to do so. In other fields, in which they are not qualified, they show more reticence, but not as regards works of art, which is too often dismissed as of no importance because it does not happen to appeal to their particular taste or because they do not understand what the artist is saying."

## Sturdy Independence

QUEEN'S GIFT—by Inglis Fletcher — McClelland & Stewart—$4.50.

**by John Yocom**

THIS is the last of seven novels in the Carolina Series by Miss Fletcher. It begins with the first attempted colonization by the English on Roanoke Island and ends with the State's ratification of the Constitution in 1789. "Queen's Gift" covers the arguments, public and family, fights, secret meetings and conspiracies that followed the Revolution.

North Carolinians were divided on whether the State would ratify the new constitution and join the union.

The feeling for the historical issues and the romantic detail of plantation life involving master and slave, the festive occasions, the daily rounds of life in town and country are superb. And as such, Miss Fletcher has remoulded history into a valuable form. The locale seems to have an enduring quality. In the foreword she says that the town of Edenton "still retains the flavor of Colonial life." There is a lesson too for these parlous times, she thinks: to reflect on the sturdy independence, the courage and integrity of these men of Carolina.

## In Colonial York

LORENA TELFORTH — by Isabelle Hughes — British Book Service—$3.00.

**by Rica Farquharson**

THIS new book by Isabelle Hughes, bears two gifts to readers. It offers political history of an era when the Colonial town of York became Toronto. It gives a diverting love story: beginning in 1834 when a produce and wine merchant from Canada visits England, marries a young widow and brings her back to Toronto.

Although the marriage to the Canadian takes place with Lorena convinced they will have a good life there are many family complications before the reader is convinced that there is much possibility of enduring happiness.

An elderly Aunt and a young ward in her husband's house heighten the drama for Lorena. The youth falls in love with her. The Aunt is sure she is a designing hussy. Lorena finds mental stimulation in talks with young Nick who is sympathetic towards the reformist opposition while Edwin is on friendly terms with the leading clique. When the uprising comes the rival factions provide exciting human drama.

Isabelle Hughes, who is a fifth generation Canadian, obviously, has a genuinely sympathetic feeling for her material. She presents it clearly and appealingly. A book of this type should be valued by young Canadians who wish to have a background for their own times and greatly-changing social customs. The family could well be progenitors of the family in Mrs. Hughes' first book "Serpent's Tooth".

## Writers & Writing

JUDTH M. CROSS, Winnipeg, has received New York Newspaperwoman's Club annual scholarship for young woman judged most promising at Columbia University School of Journalism.

■ The next time we see Paris—if and when we ever do—we intend to call on New-Story Magazine, Place Dauphiné, which publishes, in English, better bits in creative writing. One young editor is son of Martha Foley.

■ A rewarding thing about this column has been letters—such as one, today, from MRS. A. D. ELSEY, Waskatenan, Alberta, who speaks glowingly of Mrs. Robert Forbes, editor of her local weekly newspaper. (We got a happy glow in thinking somebody likes us: shall pass on requested


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Cape Breton information to Mrs. Forbes.)

■ JAN DE HARTOG, author "The Distant Shore," current Literary Guild publication, was born in Holland; married to J. B. PRIESTLEY's daughter; spends most time France and Holland: facts which we first gleaned over tea and toast shared with Mr. Priestley year ago in Toronto.

■ MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS whose novel "The Sojourner," will be February Literary Guild selection, says her writing life partly due to misunderstanding at age six.

"The Bluebirds," little Marjorie's composition received approval from first-grade teacher: also from mother. Sometimes, at home, when guests were present she was asked to read her story. Terrific applause followed. She had found her vocation. Years later, she found printed letters on the old-time ruled sheets ending:

"Miss Bluebird and Mr. Bluebird were married. The next day, to their great surprise, there were four little bluebirds in the nest!"

■ "Désirée," second novel by internationally-known Annemarie Selinko to appear in United States and March Literary Guild selection, is dazzling, diary-built tale about wife of General Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, general of Napoleon who was elected to throne of Sweden.

First Diary entries are those of fourteen-year-old Citizen Eugenie Bernadine Désirée Clary: last forty-nine-year-old Queen Desidera, describing her coronation. She loved, then feared Napoleon; been jealous of beautiful Josephine for whom he left her, yet succumbed to Josephine's charm: married off her son to Josephine's granddaughter.

■ Writing this column has been fun but now's THIRTY. —*Rica*


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*FILMS*

# What Price War Pictures?

**by Mary Lowrey Ross**

THE SCREEN appears to be in a perpetual dilemma regarding war-film entertainment. Wars seem to be the one constant in a century of variables, and as far as film producers are concerned the chief variable is the public interest in battle pictures. Sometimes it greets them with enthusiasm. Sometimes it sits through them apathetically, waiting for the colored cartoon to come on.

Ambivalence is the popular psychological term for this state of mind; and I should hate to be the Hollywood analyst-diagnostician who has to watch over the patient, deciding when it is time to supply bloodshed, violence and a stiff shot of patriotism, and when it would be more advantageous to give him the basket-work-therapy type of entertainment.

The night I saw "What Price Glory" the audience seemed only mildly interested in the goings-on between Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt. But this may have been in part because it was a Canadian rather than an American audience. Looked at objectively, "What Price Glory?" is still a fine lively old war-horse of a picture that audiences can still enjoy, providing they try to see it freshly, as it was in the days before successive waves of patriotism and pacifism swept the screen and endless imitations of Flagg and Quirt battled the enemy and each other. Perhaps this is a little too much to demand of any audience.

A valid criticism of James Cagney and Dan Dailey, as the classic feudists, is that both appear to have seen, and probably played in, so many versions of Flagg and Quirt that their performances here seem both stale and stagy. They pour enormous vitality into their roles—they are very vital boys, both of them—but it is never anything but the vitality of professional showmanship. Charmaine is played by Corinne Calvet, and while Mlle. Calvet may not be the best Charmaine ever to appear on the screen, she is undoubtedly the best Calvet so far. In fact she is so attractive that Captain Flagg's trick of turning her over to Sergeant Quirt as a combination war-bride and practical joke seemed nothing but an author's trick and a very dubious one at that.

The introduction of technicolor wasn't a very happy idea, particularly in the front-line sequence. Decorator's colors, even in the twittering dawn, have no place on the battle field and the final sequence of "What Price Glory?" would have been far more effective in the strong blacks and white which suggest at least a touch of newsreel authenticity.

"GIFT HORSE of the Sea", a naval war film, is a far soberer piece of work all round than "What Price Glory?"

This is the story of one of the 50 obsolete battleships which President Roosevelt handed over to the British Government in exchange for operational bases, early in World War II. The narrative is fictional but it is based largely on historical fact, with events leading up, finally, to the blocking of the French harbor at St. Nazaire.

"Gift Horse" has its moments of humor, tragedy and romance. These are concessions, however, with little more than a perfunctory relationship to the main business of the picture, which is to show how the naval commander-in-charge (Trevor Howard) gradually built up a tough fighting unit out of a group of untrained officers and raw ratings. The film is as close to being a documentary as it dares to come, while still presenting itself as a commercial feature.

The sound-track seemed a little blurred at times, and this with the peculiar shifting quality of British enunciation, made "Gift Horse" a little difficult for anyone but naval or radar experts to follow. Very interesting, however, and well worth the concentrated attention you may find yourself occasionally giving it.

YOU WON'T have to concentrate to any extent on "The Prisoner of Zenda" starring Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr. You can just sit back and absorb it as comfortably as you might absorb a long colored drink through a straw.

Movie-goers who can't get enough of Stewart Granger should be at least partly satisfied here, since there are two of him, with one or both Grangers on the screen practically every minute. He is cast simultaneously as the Englishman who visits Ruritania for a spot of fishing and Prince Rudolf of Ruritania who has the misfortune to take a loaded drink on the night before his coronation.

Prince Rupert wears a monocle and the visiting Englishman a moustache, but apart from this they are identical, thanks to a rather fancy crossing of the family blood-lines back in the eighteenth century. So the visitor obligingly steps into the role of Prince, and makes a wonderfully striking figure, whether he is rigged out in full coronation regalia or in small-clothes with one of those flowing white crepe blouses I have been looking for for years in the Ladies' Higher-Priced Blouse Section. (Apparently they are manufactured only in Ruritania.)

James Mason, who plays Rupert of Hentzau gets off a great deal of dialogue written in the worst romantic tradition of the nineteenth century, and does it with incomparable style. Then there is Deborah Kerr as Princess Flavia, looking as frail and delicious as a work of art concocted by the Court caterer. There is the required quota of love-making, moat-swimming and up-and-down-stairs duelling. I have to admit I sort of enjoyed the silly thing.

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## Folksinger Alan Mills

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Albert Whitehead, a Toronto voice teacher who was living in Montreal at that time. And it was Whitehead who arranged that young Alan should become a member of a quintet headed by the famous folk singer, John Goss.

Goss was in a desperate need of a bass singer, and Mills quickly filled the bill. Inside of five days he learned 30 songs in four languages and got the job.

More than anything else the tour that followed probably had the greatest influence on his career. Ever since meeting Goss he has been collecting folk songs, and the two years of touring which took the Goss London Singers all over the U.S. meant invaluable experience, even though the group finally had to break up in 1937. People, it seemed in those depression years, were no longer going to concerts.

And Alan could no longer afford to stay in New York. His only hope, he remembers, was waiting for a call to join a musical called "Friday at Four", and if he had stayed he might still be hoping . . . and waiting.

"I finally went back to the *Montreal Herald*, this time for $15 a week," he said.

Today Mills, who is now married and lives in Westmount, Que., is faced with cramming a 25-hour day into 24. His international broadcasts alone manage to keep him hopping though they are well worth the effort.

TV appearances are now a part of the Mills career. He has also been heard as narrator and singer in a National Film Board movie featuring puppets and folk music. Last year his "Folk Songs for Young Folks" took a first award in the Canadian Radio Awards.

THAT program, incidentally, which started out five years ago as a four-week experiment, now often nets up to 1,000 fan letters a month, with letters from as far west as the Rockies and many from the U.S. On it he is so ably accompanied by guitarist Gilbert Lacombe that most people think Mills is playing guitar himself.

As part of his extra-curricular duties, including personal appearances at home and school meetings, children's libraries and youth clubs, Mills also writes the occasional article. In one of his more recent efforts, an article in *The Canadian Guider*, Mills elaborated on his "singing in the home" theme.

Referring to the French Canadians again he said "They're just as hep to bebop as anyone else. Moreover their tastes in song are exposed to the constant promotion of popular songs from France as well as the latest American song hits, while English-speaking Canadians are affected only by the latter."

When he celebrated his fifth anniversary program last Spring, Mills conducted a hit parade of his own. The top five? "Fiddle Dee Dee", "The Blue Tail Fly", "Barbara Allen", "The Keeper", and "I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly."

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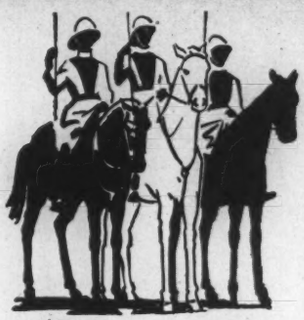

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## BEVANISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

most "formidable of all in the struggle. People have no use for an institution which pretends to supreme power and then does not use it . . . People have no use for a freedom which cheats them of redress. If confidence in political freedom is to be sustained, political freedom must arm itself with economic power." The "people" in this context can only mean Socialist voters educated to embrace the Bevanite point of view; the non-Socialists (who were once described by Mr. Bevan as being "lower than vermin") will presumably bow to the inevitable or be sternly dealt with as saboteurs.

For there is seemingly no place in his scheme of things for the placating of a minority. There can be no room for compromise when it comes to seizing the main sources of production, exchange and distribution. Bevanism is thus Marxism brought up to date and adapted to the nation with the longest and strongest traditions of parliamentary democracy; and—needless to say—the role of propaganda in securing bloodless revolution of Bevanism is of paramount importance.

THE AUTHOR of "In Place of Fear" has also much to say about foreign affairs, hardly the pet subject of a man who until 1945 was entirely preoccupied with social reform at home. His anti-Americanism is natural because of his instinctive hatred of capitalism: for in his opinion, capitalism is the dangerous source of the sometimes heedless irresponsibility of the United States as leader of the Western world. He condemns the hoarding of raw materials, colossal rearmament programs which lead to bankruptcy rather than security, aggressive and short-sighted policies like the creation of a European army with German help, and the senseless antagonizing of Red China. And he draws the woefully unbalanced conclusion that when the United States is not prompted by self-interest, she is prompted by fear.

The cleverly manipulated half-truths in this litany have, in practice, given the Bevanites a decisive pull in reshaping party thinking. Aneurin Bevan is a man of narrow vision, but he knows what he wants to do. And the same may be said of his close associates—ex-President of the Board of Trade Harold Wilson, ex-Oxford don R. H. S. Crossman, the group's self-appointed foreign policy expert, and that intolerantly opinonated publicist Michael Foot.

At every point their shrewd propaganda contrives to demonstrate that their way is the only way, and that the alternative to Bevanite policies is the eventual certainty of economic collapse and the outbreak of World War III.

It was at Westminster during the foreign affairs debates last summer, that the Bevanites demonstrated how popular the new "thinking" was becoming. Although it was Mr. Hugh Dalton, a supporter of Mr. Attlee in


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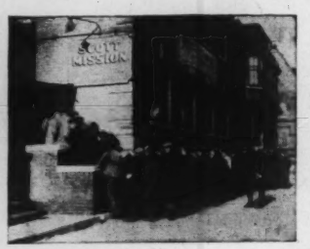


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

most things, but an incorrigible antediluvian where belief in unifying Europe is concerned, who led the attack on the Government's motion in favour of swift German rearmament, the familiar keynote of Bevanite distrust could be plainly heard in other Opposition speeches on this question.

Then, in the case of the Yalu bombing the Left Wing had a field day.

Another factor which advanced the appeal of Bevanism was the open acknowledgement by Mr. Churchill and his colleagues soon after their return to office that "the rearmament program is much more likely to be carried out in four years than in three"—one of the issues on which Aneurin Bevan had staked his political reputation when he resigned from the Labor Cabinet.

One of the allegations which touched the Bevanites on the raw was the unsubstantiated claim of ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell, a few days after the Morecambe Conference, that "about one-sixth of the constituency party delegates appear to be Communist or Communist-inspired."

Now whatever else may be said against him, Aneurin Bevan has never been a Communist; and none of his followers in the House of Commons has any connection with the Communist party. Yet there was a hard core of truth in Gaitskell's assertion, and it can be very simply explained.

JUST AFTER last year's General Election, Harry Pollitt, the General Secretary of the British Communist party issued a statement which most people overlooked. He called for a resumption of "Trojan Horse" tactics of infiltration at all levels of the Labor Party.

This shift in policy was partly inspired by the heavy defeat of Communist candidates in the General Election and partly by a change of line in Moscow; but it was also inspired by the advent of Aneurin Bevan and the signs of uneasiness among Socialists.

The ex-Communist Douglas Hyde, one of the ablest and most authoritative commentators on Communist tactics in Britain today, has made this precise point. As a former Red organizer and news-editor of the *Daily Worker*, he knows what he is talking about. "The interesting thing is that in order to appear as a genuine Labor Party delegate, the crypto-Communist today does not have to concede anything at all", he said. "He need only follow the CP line and he will be taken for a Bevanite".

It is indeed for that reason as much as any other that Aneurin Bevan is —as I wrote a year ago—"his own worst enemy," since "even if he is at loggerheads with the Communists, they no doubt realize that in him they possess an unwitting ally who is preparing to fight their preliminary battles for them."

Bevanites want Britain to achieve independence of dollar aid because that aid has political strings attached.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48


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THE LORDLY TURKEY, decked with holly, takes leading role at the Christmas feast.

**MENU**
**December 25, 1952**

*Roasted Turkey, Mushroom Stuffing*
*Baked Potato Croquettes*
*Creamed Onions with Shredded Carrots*
*Whole Cranberry Sauce*
*Assorted Relishes*
*Crispy Rolls Butter Balls*
*Avocado Mousse*
*Plum Pudding, Ice Cream Sauce*
*Nesselrode Pie, Brazil Crust*
*Coffee*
*Mints* *Fruits*

*WORLD OF WOMEN*

# CHRISTMAS DINNER

## by Marjorie Thompson Flint

TRADITION has an unostentatious way of revising and reversing itself through the years. The Christmas feast today is as traditional as sentiment will allow, yet it has to be fashioned to suit small kitchens and disappearing dining rooms. To serve turkey and trimmings *en buffet* may seem like heresy to some where the large table and white napery has been the order. But in many homes self-service is more practical because it permits the meal to be served in more pleasant manner. Audience participation if you like but more hands do lighten the burden.

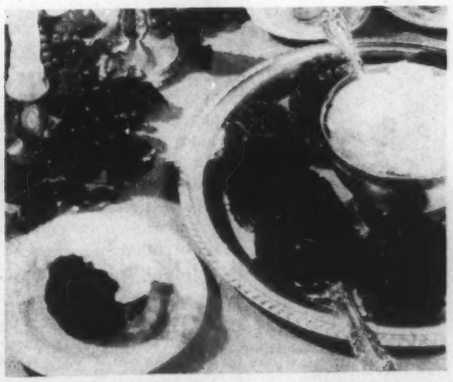
The food has to be a culinary triumph, though, and may take more planning and conniving. Aesthetically, the buffet table has to be a thing of beauty, but the food must not lose identity or importance in garlands of holly and wax angels. Tables and chairs out of the line-of-traffic add to guests' comfort and encourage frequent trips to the buffet table.

Here is SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Dinner *en buffet* (cocktail, aperitifs and attendant snacks served in living room):

### Mushroom Stuffing

*Enough for a 12-pound turkey:* To 10 cups dry bread crumbs add ½ cup chopped parsley, 1/3 cup chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon sage, 1 teaspoon summer savory and 1 cup melted butter. Add 1½ cups sliced sautéed mushrooms and ½ cup chopped cashews.

NESSELRODE PIE: Recipe for it and for . . . .



PLUM PUDDING given in SAT. NIGHT, Dec. 6.

The following recipe will yield 12 attractively browned croquettes of generous proportions. Serve them piping hot.

### Baked Potato Croquettes

6 cups hot mashed potatoes
¼ cup butter
¼ cup cream
1 egg, beaten
Salt and pepper
Cornflakes
Whole cloves

To hot potatoes add butter, cream, beaten egg and seasonings. Form into balls or cones. Roll in cornflakes and stick several whole cloves in each. Before serving place on lightly buttered baking sheet and bake for 30 minutes at 325°F.

### Butter Balls

Soak butter paddles in ice water for about an hour before beginning to make butter balls. If the paddles are new and have never been used before, place them in boiling water for 1 minute before their initial use. Cut butter in ¾-inch to 1-inch cubes, and keep them in ice water until ready to make the balls. At "butter-balling" time, take one of the paddles in your left hand, corrugated side up, and place a cube of butter on it. Hold the other paddle, corrugated side down, in your right hand, and begin to manipulate the paddles in a circular motion, until the cube of butter has been transformed gently into a round ball, neatly grooved by the ridges on the paddle. Drop the finished butter ball onto a chilled plate, cracked ice, or into ice water. Store the balls in the coldest part of refrigerator—if there's much of a delay between the time you make them and the time you carry them into your table.

Piled lightly on a silver dish, and garnished with parsley if you wish, the butter balls are a great attraction at any meal.

### Creamed Onions with Shredded Carrots

3 lbs. small white cooking onions
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
6 tablespoons flour

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

WASSAIL

# MORE PUNCH TILL LUNCH

**by David Brock**

THERE IS a breakfast food which claims it gives you more punch till lunch. I wouldn't know about that . . . I eat porridge when I live in town and don't need much energy, and I should eat baked beans and bacon for breakfast when I'm in the woods, because not even porridge can give you enough energy if you're working hard outdoors.

But the other day I did discover, at a morning wedding, a punch which certainly gave the guests more punch till lunch, and all through the afternoon as well. By tea-time they were still in overdrive. And not in any maudlin or nasty and noisy sense, either. The most virulent teetotaller couldn't have accused the gayest guest of making a beast of himself. Each guest went home with the same sense of benevolence and well-being.

It didn't matter if he or she was a frail old ruin or a husky young thug, or if he or she had taken a single cup or a dozen, they all (as the song says) went the same way home. That is to say, they knew at last why Noah was chosen to be saved.

Noah sinned (as these guests did not) by getting plastered, and I dare say he was punished for it, too, though the Criminal Reports of Hell have not been published yet. But at least Noah did understand the juice of the grape . . . the blood of the grape, it has been called. And when he ran out of grapes, he probably fooled around with sugar-cane and made rum. He was nobody's fool, was Noah.

And each guest at this wedding felt himself to be nobody's fool either. Even if this feeling was only a temporary illusion, there was no remorse afterwards. So you can understand that the punch was a little unusual. Most punches produce a dictator-complex at first, and a guilt-complex to follow. Not this one.

IT WAS, in fact, quite literally a loving cup. Perhaps I have told you, and perhaps not, about a certain negro in the West Indies or Central America who knew a thing or two about rum. A Canadian tourist was sent to his door, as one sends a man to a world-famous witch or psychiatrist (often the same thing). The rum-specialist asked the Canadian if he wanted de lovin' rum or de fightin' rum. The Canadian said he himself was a mere innocent, he didn't know de difference, so he would buy a case of each, indiscriminately. And the Master said so be it, he would provide a case of each.

The Canadian got back to Montreal, not caring if he had de fightin' rum or de lovin' rum, and he gave away a few bottles of each, he cared not which.

ONE OF the recipients of de fightin' rum took a few swigs on the spot (sorry, on de spot) and went home and knocked de block offa his wife, more or less. She claimed it was more, and he claimed it was less. Then he told her some home truths, which were mainly lies. Then he took another few swigs and swallows, plus a couple of uninhibited gulps, and began to describe her education and ancestry.

Not appreciating this summary of her defects, in spite of its virtuosity, she phoned the donor of de fightin' rum and asked what the hell he had given her husband to turn him into a devil.

He said, "Oh dear, I have given him the wrong one. I'll send him the antidote right away, I have it here." And he sent round a bottle of de lovin' rum. A few hours later the woman phoned again (so I am told) and said, "What have you given him now? He is more angelic than ever I knew him. It's very nice, but it almost frightens me and makes me ashamed of my own poor qualities."

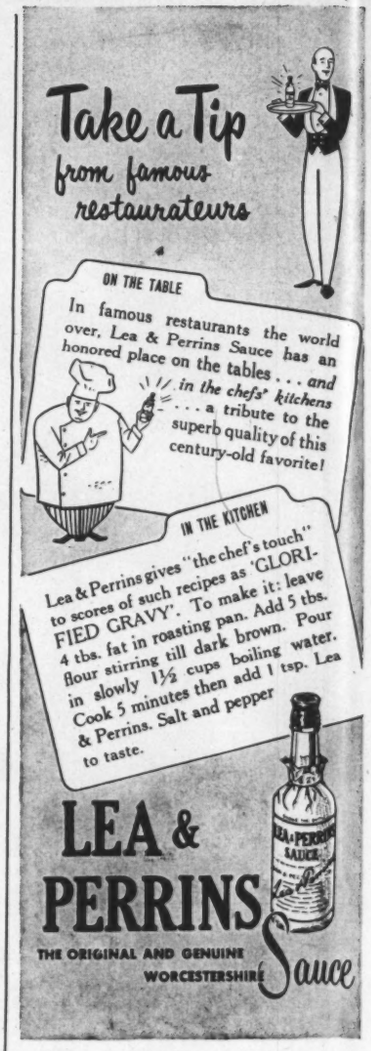
Well, this punch I sampled was not de lovin' rum, per se and neat, but at least it was a step in the right direction. And quite a long step, too. It was almost too full of the milk of human kindness.

Its technical name is Boston Fish-house Punch . . . which is too technical for me entirely. I am not even sure what a fish-house is. I know that a Philadelphia Fish-house Punch is a mixture of rum, brandy, sugar, lemon, and water, but I don't know where it acquires its name. It is a good enough punch, as I can tell you first-hand (and may even have told you in these pages). But the Boston Fish-house Punch is better still, because instead of being diluted with water, it is diluted with champagne.

NOW, THAT sounds like dynamite. But it isn't. As I keep telling you. and as all the survivors from that wedding will enthusiastically corroborate, it comes as a boon and a blessing to men. It also sounds costly. In a way, it is. That is to say, it works out at about two dollars per guest, for a let-joy-be-unconfined sort of party.

But that is no more than the price of half a bottle of rye each, or less than a case of beer each. And it all depends on what you want. If you want a memorable party, here you are. If not, not. If you want a party everyone is anxious to forget, I can give you recipes for that too . . . I've got a million of them, each of them unforgotten.

If you hesitate to make a champagne punch all on your own (as any of us might hesitate), why not have a Dutch-treat party during the Christmas holidays? Your guests would be proud and happy to assist, and would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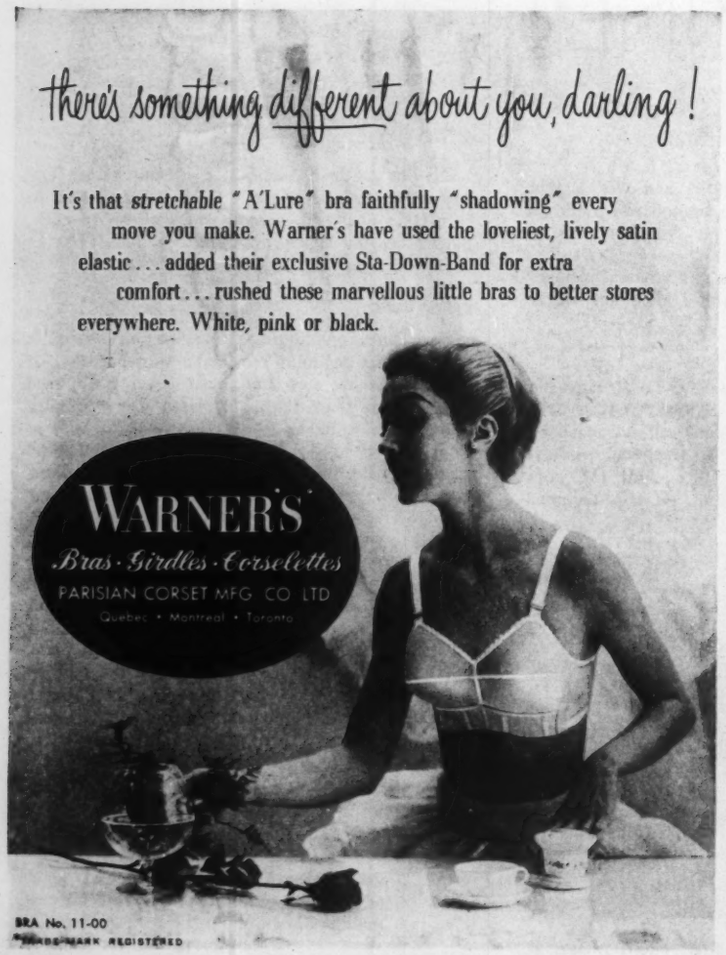
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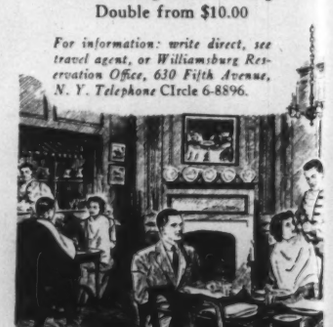


go home prouder and happier and with fewer regrets.

Here is what you do. For 20 people, in as large a bowl as you can borrow, you pour a tumbler of lemon juice and a tumbler of sugar syrup. You put a big block of ice in it, or many ice-cubes (the block melts slower), and add a bottle and a half of good rum, and a bottle of good brandy. If you have time to let this mixture brew, then you are the luckier. Punch should brew. I know certain wise men who brew punch for days, though not with melting ice until the last few hours, lest it be too watered. And then, at the last possible moment, you add three bottles of champagne.

Now, if economy comes me cranking in (as Hotspur says) . . . and in what house does he not come us cranking in? . . . you had better buy good brandy and good rum and cheap champagne. Not good champagne and cheap spirits. For it is the spirits that inform this brew. I can taste them yet!

■ Envy-of-the-week: The *Vancouver Province's* Marie Moreau's trip to Guatemala. Last month Fashion Editor Marie took off for the little Republic as the Government's guest, to see and write about the country. She'll even wear clothes designed and made in Guatemala.

## Christmas Dinner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

2 tablespoons salt
2 cups light cream
1 cup milk
1½ cups coarsely grated carrots

Cook peeled onions in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well. Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour, salt, cream and milk. Add carrots to thickened sauce and cook slowly for 3 minutes. Add more salt and pepper and, if desired, Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon butter. Serves 8.

*Avocado Mousse*

2 cups mashed avocado
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup mayonnaise
1 envelope gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water

Use silver fork to mash avocado pulp. Mix seasonings with avocado and fold in cream and mayonnaise. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Fold into avocado mixture. Turn into a quart mould (rinsed in water) and chill. Unmould on serving platter garnished with salad greens.

**BRAIN-TEASER**

# WHAT'S FOR EXCITEMENT?

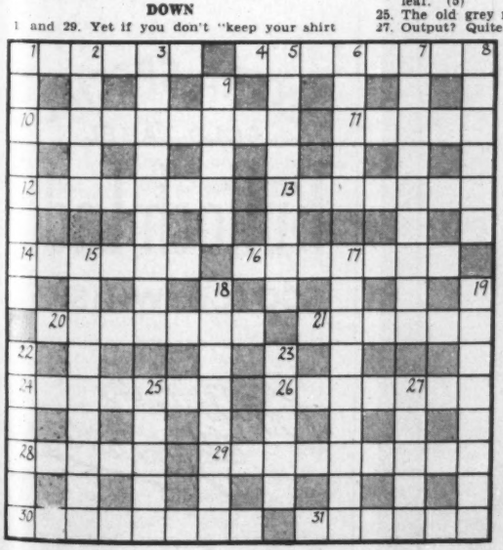
**by Louis and Dorothy Crerar**

**ACROSS**

1 and 4. Doth another bed make one so 20ed? (3,3,8)
10. School period? (Keeps up to standard, always). (5, 4)
11. Narrator of a tale, full of sound and fury. (Macbeth). (5)
12. Gross employment? Certainly not, when on it! (7)
13. Am I able to inspire friendship? (7)
14. But include me out! (6)
16. Get them, when the dancing bug bites you? (7)
20. Anything but restful for a change. (7)
21. It's a cert it's a shelf, by the sound of it. (6)
24. A cattle product? (It'll pass the acid test.) (7)
26. This will give you a new impression of Morley Callaghan, for example. (7)
28. The fat of the land? (5)
29. See 1 down.
30. Keep them up your sleeve. (3, 5)
31. See 3.

**DOWN**

1 and 29. Yet if you don't "keep your shirt on" you couldn't feel this. (3,5,3,6)
2. It's characteristic for it to take up art. (5)
3 and 31. A latin state of mind may get away with murder. (3,6,6)
5. These performers use notes to put over their lines. (8)
6. I put a hat on when I am inside Santo Domingo. (5)
7. Beer mixed with rum is likely to give you what's coming to you. (9)
8. See 22.
9. You'll find the flowers slightly to the left. (5)
15. May make women cool-headed, though they lose face by it. (4,5)
17. This line of chatter may start in the cradle. (9)
18. Gertrude Stein's rose is! (8)
19. Rest, to correct a sore bottom. (8)
22 and 8. Find life a hard lot for a change? It may make you so! (3,2,1,6)
23. Just the house for turning over a new leaf. (5)
25. The old grey mare naturally bears it. (5)
27. Output? Quite the reverse! (5)



### Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

**ACROSS**

1. Lost
3. Abate
6. Yser
11. Violinist
12. Tonic
13. Satan
14. Annuities
15 and 2. Duncan Campbell Scott
19. Force of gravity
23. Castaways
25. Motto
27. Lingo
28. Footnotes
29. Rush
30. Glade
31. Beds

**DOWN**

1. Lavish
2. See 15
4. Britain
5. Titania
7. Sentiment
8. Rock salt
9. Pinnacle
10. Etui
16. Uprisings
17. Pavement
18. Off-color
20. Fearful 21. Respond
22. Horses 24. Avon
26. Tithe

(239)

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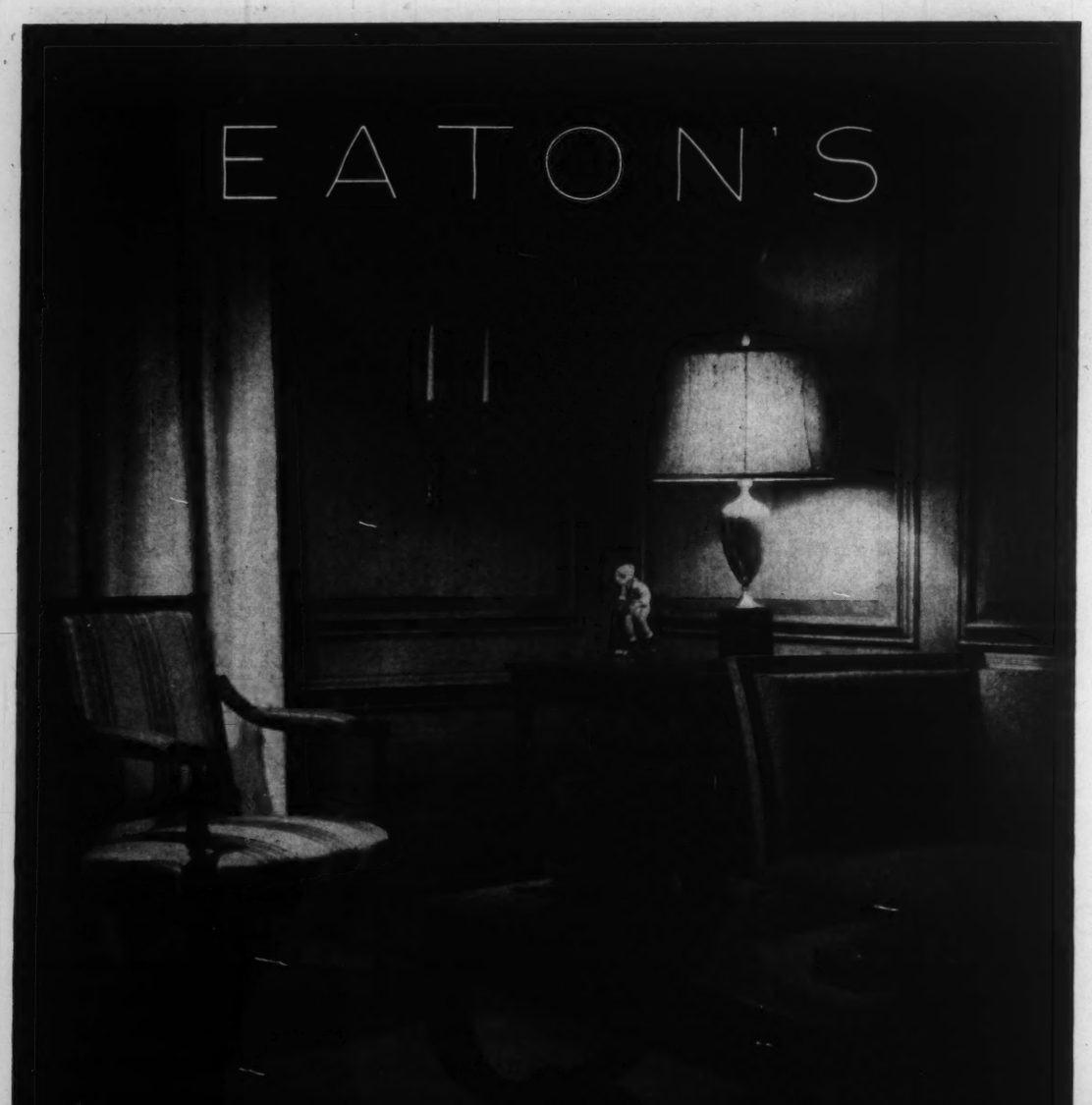

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

Harold Wilson has written: "American aid is being voted on conditions which involve British acceptance of American strategic decisions, and control not even by Congress, but by the Pentagon." British Communists could hardly have wished for a better anti-American line to exploit.

Attlee and the loyalists are rightly concerned about the unpleasant impact of Bevanism on the British public at large. The undignified sight of Socialists angrily divided on fundamentals, scrambling for position, and abusing one another, was bad enough. But the failure to prevent Left-Wing views from becoming semi-official, then official, views, has done much worse harm.

Some middle-of-the-road voters have already been frightened off, as the Wycombe by-election showed in November. The patient efforts of men like Herbert Morrison to make Socialism a respectable, common-sense platform for unattached middle-class citizen have been virtually destroyed by the irrepressible extremism of Aneurin Bevan and his henchmen.

At home Bevanism is now far more than a breakaway movement or a conspiracy to wrest Socialist party leadership from the staid, unimaginative stalwarts of the Centre and Right Wing. It is a doctrinaire creed, not yet sufficiently developed, but whose Marxist aims, values and principles underlie the most ordinary prescriptions for day-to-day problems.

Bevanism, having begun by splitting the Labor movement, is now splitting the people of Britain. Americans and Canadians should be forewarned that Bevanism could in time fulfil the hopes of the Kremlin by splitting the allied nations of the West.

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*LIGHTER SIDE*

# Recessional for Rudyard

**by Mary Lowrey Ross**

I CAME in on my friend Miss A. just as she was having her mid-morning cup of tea. She looked, I thought, a little worn.

"Good-morning," she said, and turned to Reginald, her new foster parrot. "Say 'Good-morning' Rudyard," she said.

"Why Rudyard?" I asked.

"I didn't like Reginald for a name," Miss A. said, "so I changed it to Rudyard. I'm having to change a lot of things about him. Cousin Laura won't know him when she gets back."

"I'll say," said Rudyard, and added bitterly, "God of our Fathers!"

" 'Known of old," Miss A. prompted quickly, but Rudyard, after staring at her bleakly a moment tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep. We both relaxed.

"Well, what's on your mind?" Miss A. said, and added, indicating Rudyard, "Try to keep your voice down."

"Christmas mostly," I said, and sipped my tea. "Well, anyway, no girl with a friend in the Army will need to worry about Christmas this year. She can always give her soldier a tie-rack."

"Why a tie-rack?" Miss A. asked.

"Haven't you been reading?" I said. "The Government has bought up enough ties to supply every man in the Army with eight and a half ties for two years."

It did seem a little excessive, Miss A. agreed and added, "I mean, what can you do with half a tie? However I suppose they're just looking ahead."

"If they were really looking ahead they'd have eliminated ties altogether," I said. "After all, there's only one practical use for ties. The people who look after patients in the violent ward know that."

"And suspenders," Miss A. said.

"THAT'S another thing," I said. "The Government had the chance to start reforms in men's clothes for fifty years ahead. Instead we get the same ridiculous assembly job that has been going on for a century—suspenders, ties, buttons, collars, shirts, trousers, shorts—Do you realize that men's clothes defy not only the rules of common-sense but the law of gravity? The most important clothes men wear always have to be held *up*? No wonder they get nervous and start wars."

"What they should wear is one-piece siren-suits," I went on, my voice rising, "though only gas-station attendants and Mr. Winston Churchill seem to have enough sense to realize it. The one-piece siren-suit—"

"The one-piece siren-suit!" Rudyard cried, suddenly joining in, "God of our Fathers, the one-piece siren-suit!"

"You should never have taught him the Recessional," I said.

Miss A. said proudly that the Recessional was the noblest hymn in the English language.

"I know," I said, "but he takes advantage of it."

Rudyard stared at us bleakly, then went back to sharpening his beak on a piece of cuttle-fish bone. Miss A. took the tea-things to the kitchenette and returned on tiptoe.

"I don't agree with you about the ties," she whispered. "Ties are the *only* interesting thing a man wears. For instance, I can tell at a glance at his tie whether a man is a Progressive, a Liberal, or a member of the CCF."

"HOW about Labor Progressive ties?" I asked, and Miss A. said she could tell that too.

"I bet you can't," I said. "Party ties always take on color and design from their surroundings. I bet you couldn't tell a Dean Acheson tie from a Vishinsky tie." I glanced uneasily at Rudyard, "What's he saying now?" I asked.

"Frantic boast," Rudyard said speaking up reprovingly, "frantic boast and foolish word." He was silent a moment, then he said enigmatically, "Throw the bums out."

Miss A. and I glanced at each other nervously. Then I said *sotto voce*, "Do you suppose he knows the story about the army blankets?"

"I never know *what* he knows," Miss A. said. "What about the army blankets?"

"The one about the Government having contracted for twenty-five blankets apiece for every man in the army," I said. "Actually it's a very sound idea. I mean, when the time comes we'll probably all go back to wearing blankets like the aboriginal North Americans."

"When what time comes?" Miss A. asked nervously.

"When we're one with Nineveh and Tyre," I said. Miss A. put her finger to her lips, but it was too late.

"Twenty-five blankets apiece," Rudyard shrieked, "Lord God of Hosts!"

Miss A. got up. "Be with us yet," she said sternly. "Come on, Rudyard."

Rudyard tucked his head under his wing and pretended to go to sleep, and Miss A. unhooked the cage, shut him in the broom closet and closed the door. There was an anxious interval of silence, then Rudyard croaked sulkily, "O.K. Be with us yet."

"It's just a question of firm discipline," Miss A. said, bringing him back. "He knows perfectly well when he's been naughty and is ashamed of it."

"An humble and a contrite heart," Rudyard said, and winked at me with indescribable cynicism.

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LH-52-4a


*TRADITION*

## SING A CAROL

**by Rene Palmatier**

EVERYONE SINGS at Christmas for singing is a traditional Yuletide custom. The angels started it when they rejoiced above the Judean hills over the birth of the Christchild. And, until the thirteenth century, the songs were of a strictly devotional character. Then, under the influence of St. Francis of Assisi, the first carol was written and Christmas music began to take on a lighter-hearted, more festive air. Today, colored and influenced by the folkways of many lands, it is the best-known and best-loved music in the world.

Carols sung for the benefit of Christmas shoppers were first heard by Canadians about twenty-five years ago in the Hudson's Bay Company's new store on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. As the joyful music poured from loudspeakers on the various floors the crowds lost their harried expressions; a warm gleam crept into their eyes and a spirit of fellowship and good cheer walked through the aisles . . . Small wonder Christmas-music-while-shopping has become so widespread.

Toronto's Robert Simpson Company thought its customers would enjoy singing the carols even more than listening to them. How right it was is evidenced by the host of men, women and children of all ages—an estimated 2,500 daily—who flock to the store, on carolling bent, the week before Christmas. Here, for twenty delightful minutes, they join Simpson's staff in the well-known favorites: "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing", "The First Nowell."

Simpson's carol sheets go out, free of charge, to places all over the continent. And, in addition to the crowds who gather at the store, there are countless numbers who turn on their radios and join in the singing.

Letters of thanks come in by the hundreds. One, from a taxi company in a city in the United States, said how the store had helped them during a heavy snowstorm. While fares waiting at the stand were complaining bitterly about the disorganized taxi service, someone had tuned in on Simpson's carol broadcast. Immediately the gloom had lifted and in a few moments everyone was spontaneously singing. "But next year," the letter concluded, "please start your carols a week sooner—we have snow earlier than you do."

Perhaps one reason why people enjoy singing at Simpson's is because the program consists of the simple, familiar Christmas songs, the ones we learned in our childhood—without any added frills.

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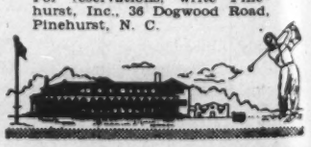

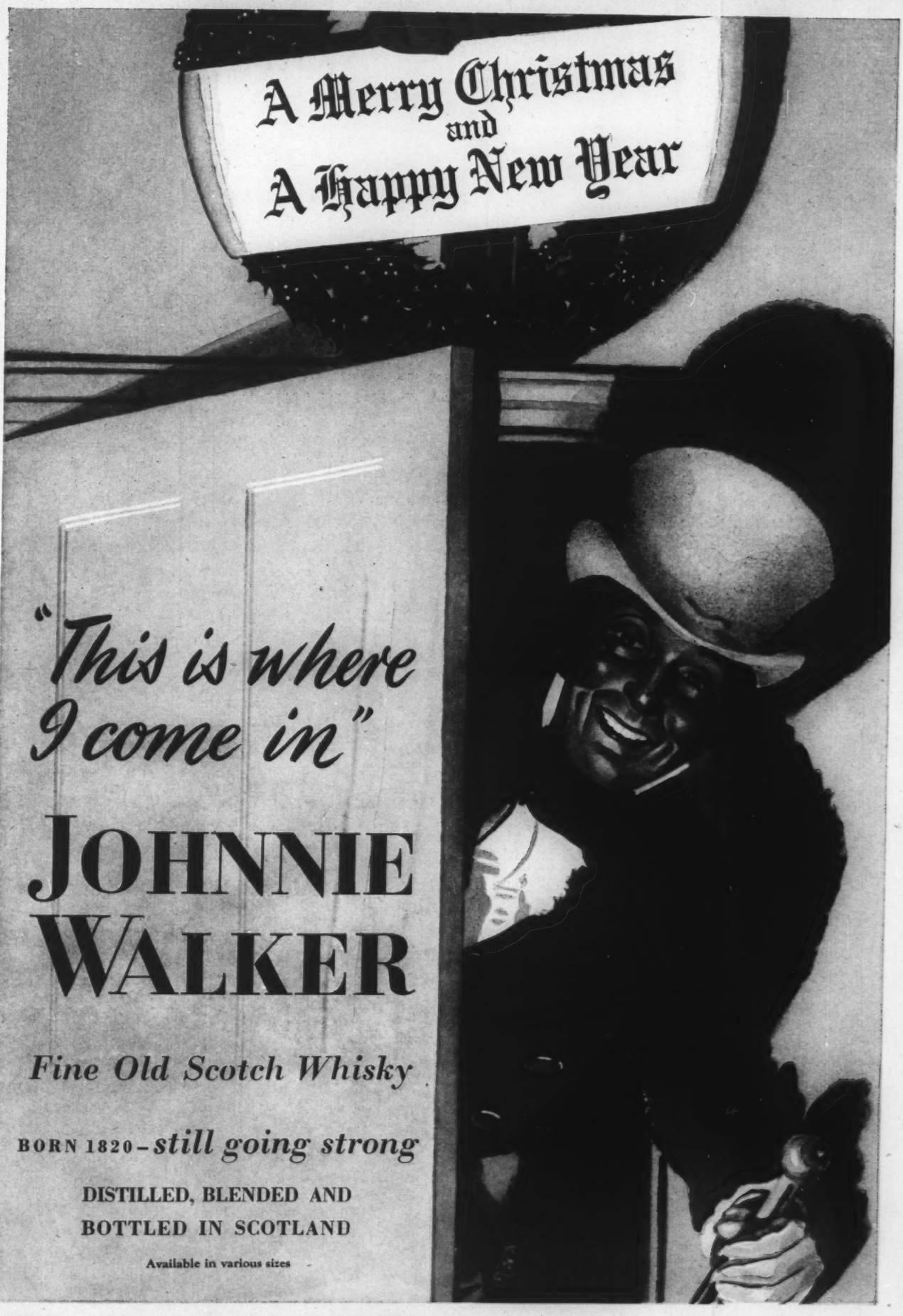


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